

MACLEAN'S

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COVER PHOTO: *The capture of Falaise*

THE VICTORY CAMPAIGN

First excerpts from the dramatic official story of the Canadian Army in Normandy



You'll certainly drive a long way before you find one of T.C.A.'s new DC8's at an Imperial Esso service station. But they're important Imperial customers just the same.

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*DBS wholesale price index.

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Tories gambling on long-term power
- ✓ Toronto sophisticated? Upcoming book says yes
- ✓ Seafood news from a landbound province

HOWEVER THE VOTERS FEEL, the Conservative cabinet is confident it'll be in office for years. Witness these housing shifts ministers have made since they took power in '57: George Hees (Transport) has sold his Toronto house, now just keeps a flat there and lives in a large Ottawa apartment; Donald Fleming (Finance) has also sold his house in Toronto and now lives in a rented bungalow in Ottawa; Davie Fulton (Justice) has bought a large house on Ottawa's Laurier Avenue; George Pearkes (Defense) has moved from the boarding-house room he lived in while in opposition into a large apartment.

TORONTO, long the subject of hog-town jokes and jibes, will get a literary bouquet next fall when Longmans Green brings out the second novel of Ottawa housewife Phyllis Brett Young. (Her first, *Psyche*, is showing signs of becoming a Canadian best seller.) In *Torontonians*, Mrs. Young will treat Toronto as the "sophisticated, cosmopolitan city it is" and will warn against the dangers of materialism. "It's time someone wrote a genuine, dry-martini-in-hand Canadian novel," she told Maclean's.

SALESMEN'S WIVES will be joining the boss in egging them on to ever-bigger orders. Behind the wives: Prize Incentives Ltd., a new company based in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough, that tees up programs for sales managers. PI distributes its own catalogue — with everything from ties to toasters — and attaches a certificate for Eaton's, in case the salesman or his wife isn't inspired by anything in the PI catalogue. Fifty firms have snapped up the scheme.

OUR NEWEST SEAFOOD will come from, of all places, Alberta — one of our two land-bound provinces. Called "shrimp chips," it's made of Hong Kong shrimp powder and it's designed for nibbling. Entrepreneurs are Eunice Baum, a Calgary housewife, and her neighborhood grocer, Les Cotton. Another new seafood-to-watch: farm-fresh trout, now being grown for sale (\$1.50 a pound) on a five-acre B.C. farm by Ed Brenner, a former Alberta construction man.

LETTERHEAD TO WATCH: That of the World Federalists, a post-'45 movement that's plumping for a world government. Mrs. Joy Denton Kennedy, Ontario grandmother and Canadian president, hopes to crowd her stationery with the cream of Canadian Who's Whos. Newest additions to the list (which already includes Dr. Brock Chisholm, McGill Prof. N. J. Berrill and Senator J. T. Haig): Saskatchewan Premier Tommy Douglas, Newfoundland MP James Tucker, Quebec businessman Leonard F. Long and U. of Western Ontario law-school dean Ivan C. Rand. After she gets all the big-name sponsors she wants? "City chapters from Dawson City to Halifax," promises Mrs. Kennedy.

WARM ON THE HEELS OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, John Diefenbaker will add even more miles to his record as our traveling PM this year. He's already booked for Mexico (in April) and England (in May). Now, Ottawa's guessing he'll head for Africa too. Possible date: Oct. 1, Independence Day in Nigeria. But he wouldn't want to be the only non-African prime minister there, so his plans on this still aren't firm.



SAVELLA

COOKBOOK TO WATCH: A 497-page work called *Traditional Ukrainian Cookery*. Author is Savella Stechishin, wife of a Saskatoon lawyer. Going into its second printing (in two years) the book is selling like *holubtsi*. Among the best customers: third generation Ukrainian-Canadians who want to cook like mother used to. Meanwhile, Mrs. Stechishin is teaming with her husband on a history of Ukrainians in Canada. He's already the author of a Ukrainian grammar used in U.S. and Canadian high schools and universities.

WHO'LL LEAP THIS YEAR?

How spinsters will hunt (subtly)
And bachelors dodge (oh yeah?)
What they both think of the idea

WAGNER
WaitingHOUSE
WillingCAMERON
BluffingDUFF
AgingPLAMONDON
Panning

BESIDES THE OLYMPICS and a U.S. presidential election, 1960 brings a new round of a time-honored custom. It's leap year and for 366 days, every girl's a Sadie Hawkins. But, with the best per capita hunting grounds in the world, are Canadian spinsters really willing to do their own proposing? And what about the bachelors? Would they rather be chased or left alone? Maclean's asked some prominent unattached men and women for advance tips on their tactics for the year ahead.

Few women will admit that they're planning to take the offensive.

None went much farther than Barbara Wagner, distaff half of the world's champion figure-skating pair who, insisting she'd wait for a boy to propose, confessed she might stick out a skate to trip him — "just so he'll notice me."

More thought that leap year was unnecessary. Charlotte Whitton, outspoken and out-of-office mayor of Ottawa, said "in nine of ten cases the woman induces the proposal anyway and leaves the man happy in the illusion that he thought of it himself." TV hostess - actress Anna Cameron agreed: "Women always go after a man if they want him. But it must appear that he does the asking and you shouldn't take that privilege away."

Even some men took the same line. "Don't women always have the initiative?" asked Ted Heinrich, director of the Royal Ontario Museum, though he admitted leap year "might be of

some help to the shy." John Turner, Mont-real lawyer and a once-famous dancing partner of Princess Margaret, thought leap year would be "the same old motive with different excuses. But if anyone asked me I'd drop dead."

Women had other reasons for objecting. "Open season just tips the brutes off. Abolish it," wired Evelyn Caldwell, Vancouver alderman and Sun columnist. And Quebec labor leader Huguette Plamondon thought it was just "stupid."

But others, like Sandra O'Neill, leggiest 18-year-old in television, were "all for it — if a guy can't get the message any other way." Maclean's Barbara Moon said leap year's a "fine idea if a girl can tastefully use it. I couldn't."

Though some men are planning defenses (Toronto actor Jack Creley swore he'd play opposite married women only) the majority are frankly for it. Actor Eric House said he'd be "delighted" if a woman asked for a date — "especially if she had a nice new car." Joe McCulley, warden of U of T's Hart House, said he just accepts life as it comes. Stockbroker and skipper Ash Kilgour said "I'm never dodging women."

But most men will likely just carry on as usual. Dick Duff, Toronto Maple Leaf left-winger, said he'd be willing but "If the right one comes along she won't have to do the asking. But," he added, "I'm getting pretty old. I'll be 24 in February."

NEW BUSINESS EPICS ON DRAWING BOARDS

Will Gagnonville, Pine Point, win Kitimat's glamour?

ONCE-MAGIC names like Kitimat, the Seaway and Knob Lake are now accepted features of our economy and many Canadians are wondering if they'll ever see development on such a grand scale again.

They will. Sensing improvements in both domestic and foreign markets, big and small firms across the country are lifting off the shelf expansion ideas they've kept there since the 1957 recession.

No official forecasts are available, but government economists in Ottawa expect that in 1960 Canadian business will spend more than \$5 billion in expansion — the highest total in the country's history.

Some developments to watch:

✓ A 300-million-ton iron-ore body at Lac Jeannine in north-eastern Quebec, with a 190-mile railroad being pushed through this year from Port Cartier. A new town called Gagnonville is going up at the minesite.

✓ More than a billion dollars will be spent during the next five years on Labrador iron ore developments at Wabush and Carol Lakes and at Hope's Advance Bay.

✓ International Nickel is investing \$200 million on a new nickel mine and refinery at Thompson, Man.

✓ At Pine Point, on Great Slave Lake, the promised government subsidization of a 400-mile railway to the south could establish the world's largest lead-zinc mine.

✓ The pulp and paper business is investing more than \$300 million in new facilities including huge new mills at Fort Sioux Lookout, Ont., Castlegar, B.C., and Point Tupper, N.S.

✓ Natural gas will answer an ever-increasing proportion of Canada's energy needs during the 60s, and plans for building new pipelines, looping present lines and provisions for exporting gas to the U.S. call for expenditures of nearly \$1 billion.

✓ Two oil refineries worth \$80 million are being built at Saint John, N.B., and Ville D'Anjou, Que.

✓ Fifteen major hydro developments worth \$2 billion are getting under way from coast to coast. Largest is the South Saskatchewan dam and irrigation project which will cost almost as much as the St. Lawrence Seaway.

— PETER C. NEWMAN

BACKSTAGE IN QUEBEC

WITH BLAIR FRASER

FORECAST: A STORMY SPRING

Without Sauvé, can the Union Nationale stay in power?

A YEAR AGO, when Maurice Duplessis was an apparently hale old premier of Quebec and Paul Sauvé merely his minister of welfare and youth, I had an interview with Sauvé in Quebec City. He was already known to be the heir apparent to Duplessis, should anything happen to the Old Man, so I asked him about his political ambitions. Sauvé said he had none, except to get out of politics and live in peace. He had already turned in a resignation, he said, but allowed himself to be persuaded against his better judgment to withdraw it and stay on.

He added, with the mild self-mocking smile that he wore so often: "I have a family of whom I am very fond, and with whom I like to spend my time. I also have several vices which it is my delight to indulge. I find politics inhibiting in both these vocations."

Three days before Premier Sauvé died he gave a television press conference, and during the chitchat before the program I reminded him of this facetious remark and asked which of his favorite pastimes had suffered most, when promotion overtook him. The premier laughed, and said he still managed to do as he liked a lot of the time — "I am a very persistent fellow."

This very lack of personal ambition,

the refusal to take himself too seriously or drive himself too eagerly, was Paul Sauvé's great strength as a politician. It was one reason why people liked and trusted him. It was also a reason why he could serve for thirteen years in the cabinet of Maurice Duplessis, and be recognized as the heir of that capricious and dictatorial old man, without any loss of personal dignity. Unlike some of his colleagues, Sauvé was not bullied by his imperious predecessor. He liked Duplessis as a man, but he was neither awed nor frightened by him and he didn't share all of Duplessis's prejudices.

On that same evening, the Tuesday of the week he died, he told us something of his hopes for the future in Quebec. For the essentials of provincial autonomy, he had just as much concern as Duplessis ever had. Everything that bore upon the survival of French-Canadian culture, especially education, must remain in Quebec's own hands. But in all other matters, he welcomed Ottawa's help — "why should we make a fetish of autonomy?"

"I can tell you this," he said. "Whenever I get any kind of proposition from Ottawa, for co-operation and so on, I am going to look as hard as I can for a way to say yes. I am not going to look

for excuses to say no."

And he added, with that twisted smile again: "We shall have to say no often enough anyway. You should not scold your children all the time, because sometimes you get really mad and then maybe they won't know the difference."

It is the loss of this will to co-operate that makes Premier Sauvé's sudden death a national calamity, as well as a personal tragedy. He did more in three months to heal the breach between Quebec and the rest of Canada than had been done in the previous fifteen years, just by removing the implacable hostility that Duplessis had shown to federal overtures in any field whatever. But his work was not finished, nor even well begun. Now the question is, can any successor premier of Quebec finish what Paul Sauvé started?

Before Premier Sauvé's death, when everyone including himself assumed that he had many years of service ahead, a Quebec Liberal remarked in the course of a political argument: "You talk about all the changes Sauvé has made, as if the Union Nationale had become a different party. But if anything happened to Sauvé, you would have in his place Antoine Rivard (Duplessis's solicitor-general) and that would be like Duplessis all over again, only worse."

What he said about Rivard could have been said quite plausibly about any Duplessis minister. Except for Sauvé, none managed to project a clear picture of his own views and personality even in Quebec. Their capabilities were obscured by the Old Master's refusal to let anyone but himself make statements or decisions. So were their personal opinions, and their dissensions (if any) from the Duplessis policy. Fairly or not, he made them look like a bunch of puppets and yes-men.

If they really believed in the doctrines to which they gave loud lip service, then indeed we might as well have Duplessis back. If they did not, can they now undo the things they helped him do, without making themselves look like fools or cowards? Sauvé could do this, but Sauvé was a remarkable man. Not many Duplessis ministers are remarkable.

No matter what course the new premier of Quebec adopts, though, he will have the problem of getting himself re-elected, and that looks like a grave problem indeed for the Union Nationale. Again, Sauvé could probably have done it — the Liberals were privately afraid that he could, anyway — but the odds against anyone else are much longer.

There was ample reason to believe, toward the end of Duplessis's life, that Quebec voters were finally fed up with the Union Nationale. Conservative workers in Quebec, who of course are Union Nationale men in provincial affairs, were sending very pessimistic reports to headquarters — they thought it quite likely that Duplessis might lose the provincial election he planned to hold this spring.

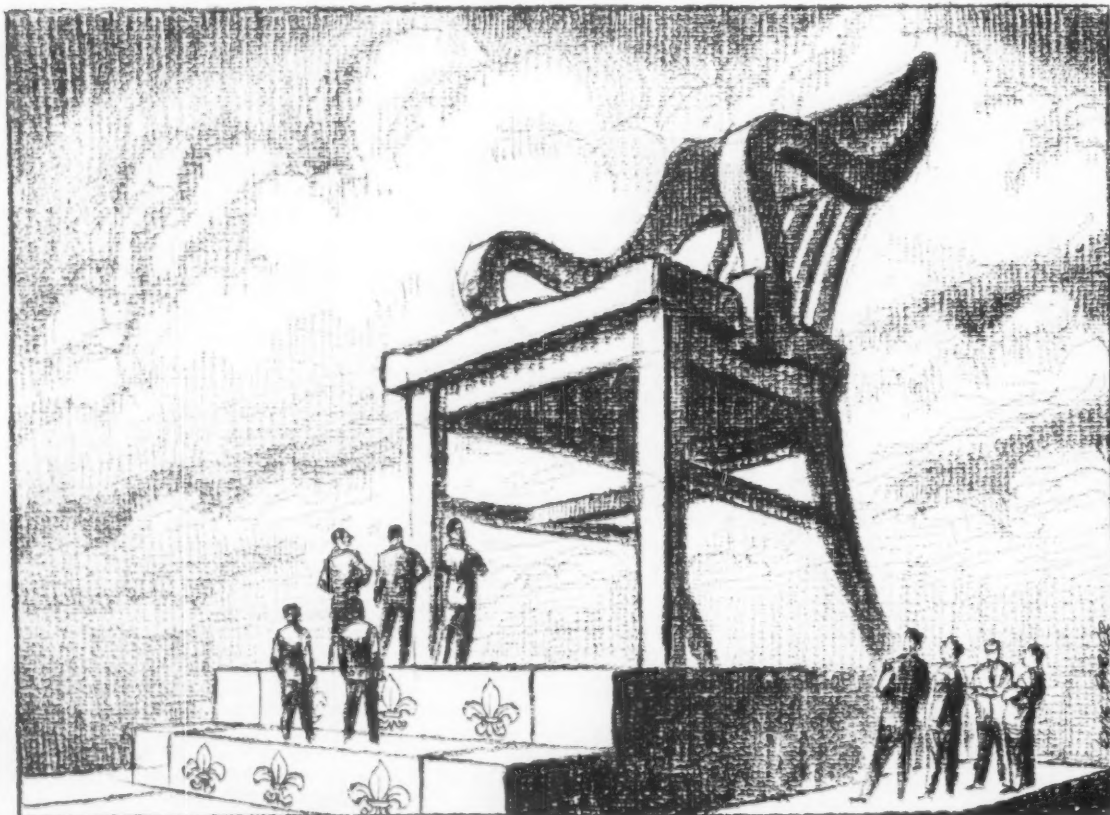
After Paul Sauvé took over, this gloom vanished like a morning fog. Conservatives again were jubilant, and the Liberals correspondingly gloomy. Some observers, including bitter enemies of Maurice Duplessis, were predicting not mere defeat but rout and ruin for the Quebec Liberal party.

Now all this has changed again. Without Sauvé, the Union Nationale no longer strikes its foe as fearsome or unbeatable — formidable, perhaps, with that tried and true party machine still running, but certainly not invulnerable. The Liberals think they can defeat it.

In their view, Paul Sauvé was the one Good Man — they would have said the *tame* Good Man — in the unsavory ranks of the Union Nationale. He was like their own Adelard Godbout in the nasty old Taschereau regime, or Harry Truman in the Prendergast machine out in Kansas. Whenever they would describe all Duplessis men as a bunch of thugs, or sycophants, or head-in-the-sand parochialists, the rejoinder was always the same: "What about Paul Sauvé?" It was unanswerable, for even the Liberals admitted that Sauvé was none of these things, but it used to irritate them a good deal. They thought Sauvé was letting himself be used by unworthy friends.

If they were right, now is their chance to prove it.

Quebec Liberals have been badly divided among themselves in the past few months. Provincial Leader Jean Lesage and House Leader Georges Lapalme have not always seen eye to eye on tactics, and occasionally their differences have been openly acrimonious. But this was when a dread of defeat was fraying party tempers. Now, with the smell of victory in their nostrils for the first time since 1944, they should be able to compose their internal troubles and array themselves for battle. ★



The national tragedy of Paul Sauvé's death: no current Quebec leader can hope to match his stature.



Who should get the most credit?

ROUGH PLAY aside, no subject is so certain to set hockey men debating as "assists" — the formal credit given players who set up the goals. Fans and officials, particularly in the NHL, are almost constantly chafing at the current system of granting them. How good is it? Here are some of the charges, and how Maclean's found the facts supported or disproved them.

Injustice: Assists are too easy.

The facts: They could well be. The NHL's rulebook says assists will be given to the player or players (up to two) "taking part in the play immediately preceding the goal," and scorers now interpret it so that a man who only leaves the puck behind his own net can get an assist — provided his team doesn't lose possession before scoring.

Injustice: Assists distort scoring records.

BACKSTAGE in hockey

Assists cheap? Home teams favored? What the figures say

The facts: In awarding the individual scoring championship (worth a \$1,000 bonus in the NHL), assists count one point each, the same as goals. Often, this *does* mean the highest goal-scorer misses out. Maurice Richard has led the league in goals four times and tied for the lead a fifth, but he's never won the scoring title.

Injustice: Scorers favor the home team in granting assists.

The facts: There's no doubt teams get more assists when they play at home. In the first half of this season, home teams outscored visitors 337 to 273—about 6 to 5. But they out-assisted them 567 to 406—closer to 7 to 5.

Will the rule — or practice — be changed? It's unlikely. Some officials feel dropping the automatic second assist, which occasionally goes even to goalies, would stop the trend toward frequent record-setting—a trend that doesn't hurt the box office. Probably the most likely change — and it isn't very likely—is giving 1½ points for a goal.

Meanwhile, the men who have to thread their way through the

controversy remain about the closest thing to amateurs in professional hockey. Some get a yearly honorarium but more, like Lambert Mayer, an advertising salesman who's been the Canadiens' official scorer for 12 years, work for two free tickets to home games and an annual turkey banquet.

Mayer's job is so difficult that when he invited injured Canadian defenseman Tom Johnson to sit with him in the press box for a game and try to judge assists, Johnson was frankly baffled. But he takes an almost steady criticism from players, fans and even officials. Early this season, Mayer got a letter from Frank Selke, Canadiens' managing director that said, in part: "One of the few good players (on Saturday night) was Alvin McDonald. He made a very fine rush which culminated in a goal and to my surprise you failed to give him an assist. This happened at least three times last winter and I can only conclude that the nationality of the player, plus the fact that he is tall and awkward, has warped your judgment."

—KEN LEFOLH

Backstage with Alberta's new, different, lieutenant-governor



PAGE & MARTIN 35 years ago

BY TRADITION, the men who become Canada's lieutenant-governors are, if not card-carrying members, at least "sympathetic" with the party that runs their province.

Last month, staunchly Social Credit Alberta announced its new lieutenant-governor—J. Percy Page, whose major distinction during four terms in the Legislature is

that he led the opposition from 1944 to '48.

How did he make it?

Well, Page may have been the friendliest opposition leader in history. He was elected as an Independent in 1940 and became leader of Alberta's six-man opposition. But he took so few stands on any theory that reporters spoke of the "five opposition members and Percy Page." Defeated in '48, Page went back in '52 — this time as a Conservative. Two years ago, he told the Legislature that all opposition members should "work with the government."

Page broke other precedents too. Almost all Canada's lieutenant-governors are men of eminence in a limited number of fields. (Today's crop: five mightily successful businessmen; one mightily successful lawyer; one finance minister; one supreme court judge; one major-general.) Page was a school principal.

But his foremost claim to fame was the Edmonton Commercial Grads, the greatest women's basketball team ever assembled. Under his coaching from '14 to '40 — when they disbanded because of lack of competition — the Grads won 502 of 522 games and four unofficial Olympic championships.

Teetotaling, prudish Page coached them in more than basketball. "You're a lady before you're a Grad," was a favorite saying. When two Grad grads were divorced, Page refused to have them at team reunions.

All but one of the 39 girls who played for the team have married. Winnie Martin, captain of the 1924 Olympic "champions" and now the wife of a Prince George, B.C., doctor, went on to win the Canadian typewriting championship. Her typing coach: Percy Page.

Page's political career was snuffed out last June by the Social Credit flood (they took 51 of 55 seats — including his). Many observers felt his defeat hinged on a meeting in March when, as a school trustee in heavily European Edmonton, he asked why there were so many "foreign sounding" names on a teachers' list.

With an unusual background, Page is already showing signs of being an unusual lieutenant-governor. In spite of his reputation as a "friend" to Alberta's government, he calmly told a Maclean's reporter, after he'd been appointed: "They've done very well, on the whole. But a Conservative government could have done as well — or possibly better."



PAGE Today

Backstage with polio's comeback What did it? / Can it repeat?

THE COMPLACENCY about poliomyelitis that most Canadians developed after the introduction of Salk vaccine, first began to fade last summer. Year-end statistics completed the disillusionment. They showed that a frightening 1,712 people had caught polio in 1959—more than any year on record except 1953.

How did it happen? What went wrong? And can it happen again?

No one knows all the answers. Research hasn't gone that far yet. As a Health and Welfare medical officer admitted to Maclean's, "polio virus is one of the least predictable known to man."

But, while Canada has kept figures on paralytic polio only since 1949, a cyclical pattern is already beginning to appear. There were about 1,100 cases the first year of record, only 284 in 1950, then the total crept up to 3,691 in '53, drop-

ped steadily till '57 (vaccinations started in '56) and soared again in 1959—roughly a six-year cycle.

There are apparently other factors too. Most important is the weather. If it's hot and humid, you're liable to be less clean, less hygienic and more prone to infection. Flies are probably not a factor, because polio is transmitted "hand to mouth."

Does that mean Salk vaccine has little effect? No. With three shots you should have 97% protection. Of Ontario's 198 cases last year, 131 had not been vaccinated. The other 67 just hadn't responded. But without the vaccine, that 67 could have been multiplied 10 times.

For every person who reports paralytic polio, as many as 300 may have "sub-clinical" cases: stiff necks, a general weakening of the muscles for a day or two, or just a few hours of mild feverishness.

How many Canadians are protected now? Latest figures show about 45%. That breaks down into 45% of pre-schoolers, 75% of school-age children and 10% of adults under 40. Because fewer adults are vaccinated, more cases are breaking out among them than among school children, a reversal since 1956.

If you're not vaccinated, don't count on protection because others are. Unlike some diseases, smallpox for instance, polio can be carried by the vaccinated.

Is there time to protect yourself before next summer? Yes. And you may not have to wait six months between the second and third shots. Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson, director of the Connaught Laboratories (which supply all Canada's Salk vaccine) says all that's important is that you wait a month between shots.

—DERM DUNWOODY

Background

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

What chance the Conservatives will bring titles back to Canada? Here's the latest clue to how they feel: Although the Department of Transport operates at least three ships whose names contain a knighthood (e.g. the supply vessel Sir James Douglas), its latest and biggest icebreaker was christened simply the John A. Macdonald. "It's the outward expression of an inward attitude," one high Tory spokesman told Maclean's.

EASY-PAYMENT PAINTINGS

Latest item on the buy-now pay-later market: A. Y. Jackson originals. When a recent visitor to his studio-home overlooking the Rideau River admired some fresh sketches, 77-year-old Jackson accepted a small downpayment and a verbal promise to pay in six months. Easy, too. "No interest, no carrying charges," Jackson smiled.

N.W.T. RAVENS DECLINED

When Yellowknife, N.W.T., got tired of its plethora of ravens last fall, Mayor Ted Horton came up with a novel suggestion: Why not send some to the Tower of London? (Legend says if ravens ever disappear from

the Tower, the crown of England will fall.) But they won't be sent. "We thought the gesture very kind, but we only keep six and whenever there's a vacancy we have more offers than we can accept," Brig. Leslie Wieler, governor of the Tower, told Maclean's.

THOSE UNAMBITIOUS WOMEN

Will women replace men in industry's top jobs? Not many even want to. A study in the U.S. found less than 3% of working women had ambitions to be executives. Would the same figure be true in Canada? Elsie Goltz, president of the Toronto Soroptimists Club, called it high for all businesswomen, but low for those over 35.

TEEN PASSPORTS

Parents who say teenagers need tougher discipline might take a look toward Calgary. There, the city-wide Co-teen Council is issuing cards to teenagers that 1) make sure neighborhood dances are open only to neighborhood kids 2) can be withdrawn for misbehavior.

LEUKEMIA RATE RISING

While science appears to be winning its war against many diseases, the death rate for leukemia is growing steadily higher. In Ontario 25 years ago, 3.3 of every 100,000 people (not of every 100,000 deaths) died of leukemia. The current figure: 6.4.

Editorial

Must a good New Canadian be ready to kill his brother?

OUR NOMINEE for Canadian Citizen for 1960 is a young man who was refused Canadian citizenship in 1959. Giorgio Cappelozzo is a twenty-one-year-old Italian immigrant who was asked by a Canadian judge whether he would be willing to fight against his native country if Canada and Italy were at war. Cappelozzo had the honest simplicity to answer no he wouldn't. His reason: "I cannot fight against my brothers and sisters."

It was, of course, an obviously improper question—pompous, sententious and silly. It posed the same kind of artificial dilemma as the old sophomoric debating point: "If your wife and your infant son were drowning and you could save only one of them, which one would you save?" Even as a parlor game the problem is distasteful. As a question to be answered under oath it is preposterous.

An older, more cynical man would have recognized this and given the pompous, sententious and meaningless affirmative that the questioner evidently expected. Young Cappelozzo was naïve enough to take the question seriously and honest enough to give a truthful answer.

But to our mind his answer was more than truthful and candid; it was also right—the only answer a good citizen in a free country could have given in the time and circumstances in which he was asked the question. It is neither profitable nor humane to ask any man to make a decision on so painful a matter unless the need for the decision should actually arise. Until the real event occurs or at least becomes plainly imminent, who can be expected to judge the forces that brought it about? Who can make an honest decision about its rights and wrongs? If there is any man willing to kill his father or his brother on behalf of a newly-adopted country then we have no desire to welcome this monster as a fellow Canadian.

What of the man who is capable of saying that in any or all circumstances he will put his country's alleged interests above any conceivable impulse of his private conscience? What is the difference between him and the patriotic Nazi school children who were praised for informing on their parents to the Gestapo? The Communist parents who turned in their own sons and the wives who betrayed their own husbands to the purge trials of Joseph Stalin in the 1930s? Why did we name a mountain after Edith Cavell if we did not share her belief that "patriotism is not enough"?

To Giorgio Cappelozzo, a good brother and an honest man, we wish a happy new year in Canada.

Mailbag

- ✓ A plan for our north: send prisoners there
- ✓ A plan for the lonely: seek others
- ✓ A plan for South Africa: leave it alone

WHAT We Are Really Doing in the North (Nov. 7) has made our class extremely interested in our desolate northern barrens and we discussed and prepared notes on it . . . We were startled by the shocking facts of the apparent grim future of our north. However, it occurred to us that — if we could avoid creating another Siberia — experimental farms and communities in accessible areas inhabited by our prisoners would be a worthwhile enterprise not only in settling more land but in helping our prisoners to regain their citizenship. Thank you for your very educational and highly appreciated effort. — ROSAMUND DURKLEY, CLASS PRESIDENT, GRADE SEVEN, PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 2, LIVELY, ONT.

Footnotes to a portrait

Just a note in appreciation for the interesting and enjoyable article. Portrait of a Superhighway (Dec. 19) by Eric Hutton. I enjoyed it very much. — C. C. DOWNEY, TORONTO.

✓ As the widow of Len Riley, forestry superintendent and chief arboriculturist of the Ontario Department of Highways from 1947 to 1956, I was amazed to read that Harold Spence, the present incumbent, is given credit for the horticultural layout of Highway 400 . . . The layout was designed by my husband and his assistant, J. A. Kimmel, and much of the actual planting was under the supervision of W. A. Curtis. — MRS. L. G. RILEY, THORNHILL, ONT.

A cure for loneliness

Loneliness (Jan. 2), by Dorothy Sangster, is amazing. Why do not the lonely people do something about their loneliness?



Why not hunt out other lonely people, join church organizations, go to night school, join the YM or YW or work for the Red Cross? The only reason people are shy is because they are so worried about the impression they make on other people instead of forgetting themselves and allowing someone else the chance of creating a favorable atmosphere. — MRS. CECILIA L. HILL, NANAIMO, B.C.

Mixed game?

With reference to the report contained in Preview (Dec. 19) an amalgamation of the YMCA and the YWCA would be comparable to establishing a league in which the Blue Bombers and the Maple Leafs would be required to play alternately on a hockey rink and a football field. — MRS. A. S. R. TWEEDIE, VICE-PRESIDENT, YWCA, WINNIPEG.

Banish South Africa—or Robertson

Terence Robertson has managed to express succinctly my personal feeling (Kick South Africa out of the Commonwealth, Dec. 19). However, if as your columnist suggests, Canada must take the lead in presenting a Bill of Rights for the Commonwealth, she must first put her own house in order. It really makes me burn to see people from other parts of the Commonwealth (excluding India, Pakistan and Africa) traipsing into Canada at their leisure while East Indian students studying here



have to suffer the indignity of signing documents from the immigration department stating that they will not remain in Canada after graduation. As if the vast majority ever wanted to anyhow. — KENNETH ROBINSON, MONTREAL.

✓ For the sake of argument, let's let South Africa deal with her own problems and banish Terence Robertson to the West Indies or to Kenya. — J. C. SINCLAIR, MARKHAM, ONT.

✓ At one time there were quite a few who wanted to kick the southern states out of the U. S. A. Your lad who wants to kick the Union of South Africa out might, if he can, imagine just how events would have been altered had that taken place. That the United States would have gained in stature is absurd, and so would it be absurd to expect the Commonwealth to gain anything. — J. A. SPENCER, MAGRATH, ALTA.

✓ Who are we to criticize the South African government? We took this country by force of arms from the people to whom it rightly belonged and destroyed them. — J. H. SPENCE, WEYBURN, SASK.

✓ Let Robertson and others like him be the first to demonstrate how to do things right, by giving their sons and daughters over in marriage to Negroes. — ALEXANDER KWAST, SNOWFLAKE, MAN.

✓ As one who knows Africa well and South Africa in particular, I wish to protest the impertinence of Robertson's article. The Nationalist government in South Africa are not liars and hypocrites and they have nothing whatever to be ashamed of! They place their policy of apartheid openly on the table. What is unjust about separate hospitals for Negroes, staffed with Negro doctors and nurses? Why should not colored teachers teach colored children — after the white people have shown them how? — JANET ANDERSON, HALIFAX. ★

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THE COVER

A German army officer and the remnants of his unit surrender to a force of Canadian infantry and armor at St. Lambert-sur-Dives, as the bloody Falaise Gap is sealed in August 1944. Lt. D. I. Grant, an official Canadian army photographer, took the picture.

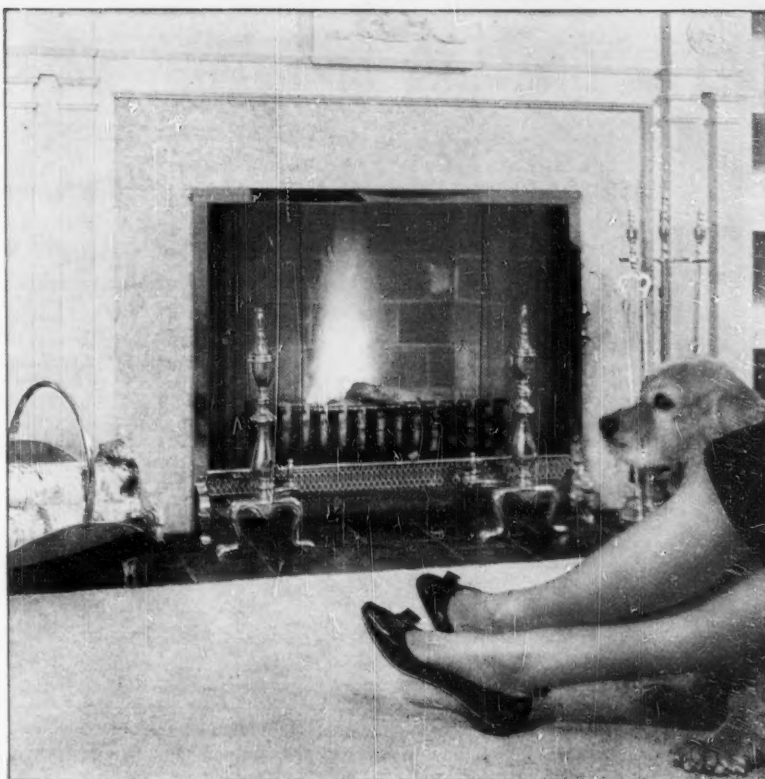
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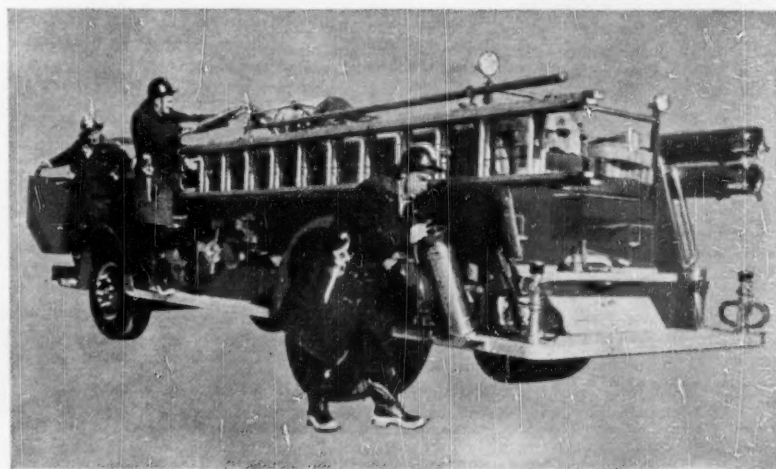
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For the sake of argument



LESLIE ROBERTS SAYS

The Maritimes should secede from Canada

Canada's four Atlantic provinces should secede from Confederation and go into business together as a national unit, presumably within the commonwealth.

Maritimers who have made comparable statements in the past invariably have urged secession because of Canada's "bad faith" and "broken promises," reaching all the way back to 1867. As a non-Maritimer who knows the region like the back of his own hand and who recently returned from a six-week, grass-roots economic study, I base my statement on an entirely different thesis. I say the four provinces would be infinitely better off as masters in their own house than they can hope to be as the chronic "poor relations" of Ontario and Quebec. Broken promises belong to history, and no good purpose is served in repeatedly warming history over. But a future of economic inequality, which is much more likely to worsen than to improve under the present establishment, is an intolerable offense to the dignity of two million people.

Back to free trade

First, a "free" Atlantic nation would purchase manufactured products in markets of its own choosing, make its own trade agreements and enact its own customs laws. Its people could become again the free traders and sea traders they have always been by instinct. As Canadians, however, they are forced to buy goods produced in the narrow industrial corridor which stretches from Windsor to Quebec, because we have enclosed the whole of Canada behind an insurmountable tariff wall primarily to shield this shallow factory-belt from external competition. In this belt the political and financial power of the whole nation dwells today. In plain English, it runs the country.

Yet the four eastern provinces spend more than a billion dollars a year in southern Ontario and

Quebec and are the region's best "export" customer. Purchases made in the Maritimes by the central provinces are minuscule by comparison. Quebec and Ontario buy in the nearby United States by preference. (The importation of twelve million tons of coal per annum from the United States, much of it identical with the Nova Scotia fuel, is a blatant example of our inland attitude.) If a Maritimer argues that this is a dubious kind of Canadianism, any Torontonian or Montrealer will promptly tell him that you just can't beat the simple laws of economics and the market place. This is tantamount to saying, "You've had it, chum. Make the best of it!"

That is precisely what the Maritimes should do. Making the best of it obviously involves immediate departure from an economy that is loaded in favor of the industrialized areas of Ontario and Quebec and creating one which would give the Atlantic region an opportunity to get on its feet. On the record of nine decades this is extremely unlikely to happen in the existing shape of things.

When the Maritimes set themselves free to shop where they like, they will no longer be forced by a lopsided tariff structure to import a million tons of goods every year through one single water-, air- and rail-head — Montreal. In a free market the Atlantic people can immediately reduce by at least one quarter, and as much as one third, the cost of the things they use but do not produce.

Given freedom of economic movement, the Maritimes would be ideally situated to trade what they have for what they need, simply because they are not heavily industrialized. Ninety-odd years of trying every imaginable kind of nostrum and expedient has proved conclusively that central Canada is not the Maritimes' natural market. The efforts of the decades have also proved conclusively that

A FREELANCE WRITER LIVING IN MONTREAL, LESLIE ROBERTS IS WIDELY KNOWN FOR HIS BOOKS ON CANADIAN HISTORY, ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Could Britain survive an H-bomb attack?

If from Chelsea in London you proceed eastward you will come to that hallowed space which holds Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church and the Houses of Parliament. Quite rightly you will commune with past centuries and, when tired of being guided around the famous interiors, you can gaze at the Thames as it gurgles its comments on human frailty.

But on the north side of the embankment you will now see something that seems odd in the midst of so much revered antiquity. I refer to a magnificent new building which, although not quite a skyscraper, is far more American than British in character.

This gleaming building has nothing to do with religion nor politics except that it is remotely concerned with the prolonging of life. In short this is the famous industrial company known as ICI, which means Imperial Chemical Industries. For years and years Sir Harry McGowan was its genially vigorous chairman and did much to advance its fortunes. But now he has reached the years of twilight and is a peer. Thus he can stand in their lordships' section of

the terrace of Westminster and gaze at MPs or at the traffic of the river according to his fancy.

Now there are new men at the head of ICI, and I was pleased when the chairman invited my wife and me to visit their building and see the steps they have taken to deal with nuclear warfare if such a tragedy should be thrust upon us.

Being realistic, as well as romantic, the management of ICI is convinced that the threat of atomic warfare should not be brushed aside as an old wives' nightmare. Nor do they intend to gamble on the communist world and the free world becoming brothers in sweet accord. Still further, they will not assume that neither side will use the bomb.

Would Hitler have hesitated to explode the atomic bomb (if one were available) when his armies were reeling back in the final stages of the fighting? He would have gloried in the fact that there were thousands of others who would die with him in the final scene. Today the governments of the U.S.A. and Britain believe that war is unlikely but they also believe that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



Baxter descended forty feet under London streets to inspect the nerve centre of Imperial Chemical's defense system, which covers 110 plants.

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Canadian soldiers were in its vanguard. They fought with valor and won a great victory. Yet they made tragic blunders and so did the bombing planes that helped support them.

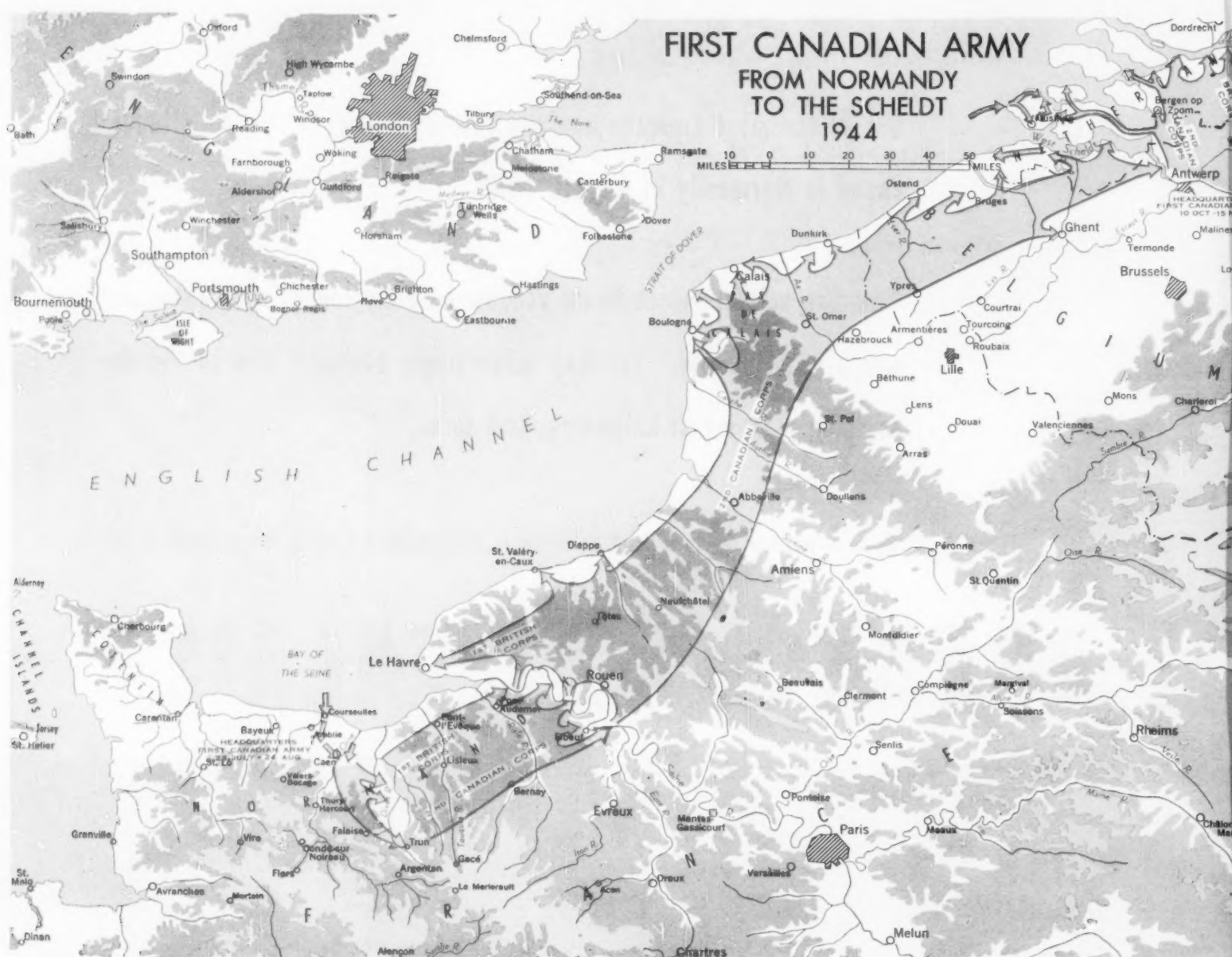
Here, as written by its official historian, is the Canadian Army's own account of the

BREAKOUT AT FALAISE



On the thundering road to Falaise Canadian troops and a Polish division were twice heavily bombed by American, British and Canadian planes. Here an Allied convoy scatters as ambulances grope ahead to pick up the casualties.

Article continues on next six pages



This new map shows the main advance of Canadian land forces through Northern Europe. The thrust from the Normandy beaches through Falaise is diagrammed at the extreme left, and diagram leading east shows Canadians' subsequent thrust across the Seine and through Belgium into Holland.

Some of the questions of the Second World War are not finally settled.

How well did Canada's soldiers fight? How well were they led?

Was their great battle in Normandy a full success or a partial failure?

A distinguished historian weighs the official record of the

BREAKOUT AT FALAISE



These are excerpts from the third and last volume of the official history of the Canadian Army in the Second World War. The author, Colonel Charles P. Stacey, recently retired as

head of the Canadian Army's historical section, is now a member of the department of history at the University of Toronto. This volume is published under the title, *The Victory Campaign*.

On 6 August, 1944, General Montgomery issued another directive reiterating the orders already given concerning the Canadian Army's attack toward Falaise.

It defined the intention as "to destroy the enemy forces in that part of France" west of the Seine and north of the Loire.

Immediately after this directive, the picture was altered by the German's great counter-thrust toward Avranches which opened the prospect of cutting off and destroying the most formidable portions of their army in the west long before the Seine was reached. During the next two days the Allied commanders modified their plans to exploit this new situation.

The High Command now substituted a shorter encirclement designed to bring General Crerar's and General Patton's Armies together in the Argentan area south of Falaise, thus cutting off the German forces around Mortain.

The offensive began on the night of 7 August. The first phase was remarkably successful, but later stages were less satisfactory. By 10 August we had advanced some nine miles from our start line, but the enemy had stabilized the situation. To penetrate to Falaise, the First Canadian Army would need to mount another large-scale attack.



First footholds on the beaches were won by Canadians before a string of gun emplacements and barricades near Courseulles-sur-Mer and the neighboring villages of Bernières and St. Aubin.

Although we did not know it until afterward, a serious misfortune befell us before the attack. On the evening of 13 August an officer of the 2nd Canadian Division's 8th Reconnaissance Regiment, traveling in a scout car, lost his way and drove into the enemy's lines. He was killed and his driver taken prisoner. On the officer's body (we later learned from a prisoner) the Germans found a copy of a 2nd Division paper containing the gist of General Simonds' orders as issued that day. It gave them full information concerning our plan of attack, and enabled them to make quick adjustments to deal with it. These included, apparently, disposing an additional anti-tank battery above the Liaison on our line of advance. General Simonds expressed the opinion that these adjustments "undoubtedly resulted in casualties to our troops the following day, which otherwise would not have occurred, and delayed the capture of Falaise for over twenty-four hours."

It is worth noting that during training every opportunity had been taken to warn officers against exposing themselves to precisely this sort of mischance. After Exercise "Bumper," the great manoeuvres held in the United Kingdom in the autumn of 1941, the Chief Umpire (who incidentally was Lieut.-Gen. B. L. Montgomery) empha-

sized the dire results of a similar incident which had happened during the exercise.

The final regrouping for the attack on Falaise went forward during the night of 13th-14th August.

The 14th of August was a beautiful summer day. Those who saw it were to remember long the sight of the great columns of armor going forward "through fields of waving golden grain." At 11:37 a.m. the artillery began to fire the marker shells for the benefit of the medium bombers; at 11:55 it commenced to lay the tremendous smoke-screens intended to shield our columns from enemy observation. At 11:40 the medium bombers began bombing the enemy positions, hitting Montpoint, Douvres and Maizières in that order. Sweeping in over the waiting tanks, they attacked the valley for a noisy quarter of an hour. At 11:42 wireless silence was broken by the command "Move now"; and the armored brigades began to roll toward the start line.

The artillery smoke-screen was designed to be "impenetrable" on the flanks and of the density of thick mist on the front. As soon as the armor moved, the smoke-clouds were supplemented by dust—"dust like I've never seen before!" was one unit commander's phrase. The two things together

made it extremely difficult for the drivers to keep direction, and there was little they could do except press on "into the sun." The German gunners, fully alert and knowing in advance precisely the frontage on which we were going to attack, took their toll in spite of the smoke cover.

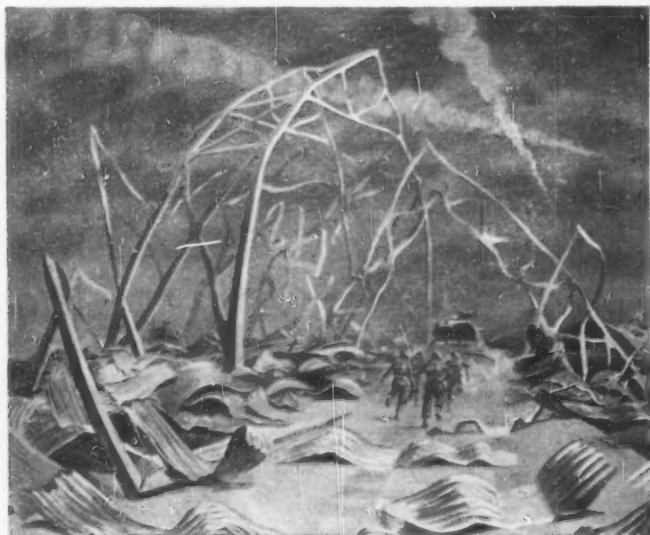
Armored carriers bearing the infantry showed themselves extremely valuable, boring straight through into the valley of the Liaison where the riflemen jumped down and set to work clearing out the enemy. Large numbers of Germans surrendered after slight resistance or none. At one point, the Château at Montpoint; a company of The Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry Highlanders—who arrived in the valley before our tanks—were held up by machine-gun posts; these were rapidly dealt with with the aid of a new and terrible weapon here first used by Canadians, the "Wasp"—a flame-thrower mounted on a light carrier.

The assault had been a complete success; the 4th Division reported that by 11 p.m. it had captured 15 officers and 545 other ranks. But it also reported that progress south of the river was slow. This was due not so much to enemy opposition as to the degree of disorganization, all across the front of attack, which resulted from the losses of

Three war artists who were there show their varied glimpses of the deathly somber fight for Normandy



Typhoon fighter bombers strafe column. From a painting by Frank Wootton.



Canadian infantrymen advance warily across the dangerous waste of Carpiquet airfield, a strongpoint near Caen. Painting by George Pepper.



German tank and horses trapped before Falaise. Painting by Will Ogilvie.

BREAKOUT AT FALAISE *continued*

direction during the advance to the Liaison and the confusion in the valley while our units sought for crossings.

The day's success had been marred by another incident, strikingly similar to that of 8 August, in which our troops were bombed by our own supporting aircraft. On the 8th the errant bombers had belonged to the U. S. Eighth Air Force. This time they were aircraft of the R.A.F. Bomber Command; and of the 77 planes that bombed short 44, by ill hap, belonged to No. 6 (R.C.A.F.) Bomber Group.

Beginning at 2 p.m. Bomber Command was to strike at six targets in the area Quesnay—Fontaine-le-Pin—Bons-Tassilly. The damage done the enemy may have been somewhat reduced by the warning given by the captured document above referred to. All told, 417 Lancasters, 352 Halifaxes and 42 Mosquitoes of Bomber Command took part and 3,723 tons of bombs were dropped. Two aircraft were lost, one of them, it appears, unfortunately by our own anti-aircraft fire.

The short bombing was chiefly in the area of St. Aignan and about the great quarry at Hautmesnil on the Falaise Road. One senior R.A.F. officer experienced its effects, for Air Marshal Coningham was in General Simonds' armored car near Hautmesnil at the time. A return prepared at Headquarters First Canadian Army on 15 August showed totals of 65 killed, 241 wounded and 91 then missing. Many of the missing were certainly killed. Canadian artillery regiments east of Hautmesnil suffered heavily, the 12th Field Regiment R.C.A. having 21 killed or died of wounds and 46 wounded. The Royal Regiment of Canada was badly hit. The Polish Armored Division, under command of the Canadian Army, had serious losses, reporting 42 killed and 51 missing as of 15 August.

The incident was fully investigated on the orders of Air Chief Marshal Harris. But Bomber Command considered that a blameworthy aspect was the failure of the bomber crews to carry out orders which required them to make carefully timed runs from the moment of crossing the coast. Two Pathfinder Force crews were re-posted to ordinary crew duties, squadron and flight commanders personally involved relinquished their commands and acting ranks and were re-posted to ordinary crew duty, and all crews implicated were "starred" so as not to be employed upon duties within 30 miles forward of the bomb line until reassessed after further experience.

One particularly unfortunate aspect of the bombing was not the fault of the aircrews. Under orders issued by SHAEF, one of the recognition signals to be used by Allied troops for identification by our own air forces was yellow smoke or flares. This was duly shown by our troops on 14 August. Unhappily, neither SHAEF nor Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Air Force had advised the R.A.F. Bomber Command of this procedure. Even worse, the target indicators used by Bomber Command on 14 August were of a yellow color similar to the army recognition signals. Thus the yellow smoke burned by the units under attack had the reverse effect to that for which it was intended, merely attracting more bombs. The Royal Regiment recorded that it was out of yellow smoke, took steps to get a supply when bombing began nearby, displayed it, and was immediately bombed.

Sir Arthur Harris complained, as well he might, of the failure to inform his Command in this matter. He asserted indeed that his Senior Air Staff Officer, who had arranged the operation with First Canadian Army, "had particularly sought information on the subject of possibly confusing pyrotechnics and been assured that none would be used." It seems evident that it simply never occurred to General Crerar's staff that Bomber Command would not be fully conversant with a

procedure laid down by SHAEF long before D Day and used universally throughout the campaign so far; and, most unfortunately, nobody thought of mentioning yellow smoke in the discussions with Harris's representative. It was certainly not the responsibility of an army headquarters to inform Bomber Command of such a matter, and it was undoubtedly assumed that higher authority had done it long before.

There are many reports to indicate that this incident, following a similar one six days earlier, had momentarily a severely depressing effect on the morale of the units and formations that suffered. Men naturally overlooked the fact that the vast majority of the bombs had gone down precisely where they were intended to. In his final communication to Harris about the affair, General Crerar expressed the opinion that the Bomber Command attack "contributed greatly to the great success" of the day's operation, and said that he remained a very strong advocate of the use of heavy bombers in closely integrated support of the army when the latter was faced by strong defences. The letter ended with "sincere thanks for your co-operation in the past, and . . . great confidence in such mutual efforts as may be ours in the future."

During 14 August General Crerar was now instructed that he was to take Falaise with the least possible delay but was not to interfere with the larger and more important task of driving

south-east to capture Trun and link up with General Patton's forces coming up from the south. The Americans were now just south of Argentan, only some 15 miles southeast of Falaise. At this point their advance had been stayed, though not by the enemy.

The "boundary" between the 12th and the 21st Army Groups ran approximately eight miles south of Argentan. It had been established by a message from Headquarters 21st Army Group on 5 August, well before the German counter-offensive was launched. On the evening of 12 August troops of General Patton's Third Army reached this boundary and in fact crossed it, coming within four kilometres of Argentan. Uncertain whether or not to push on farther with a view to closing the gap through which the Germans were now retiring, Major-General Wade H. Haislip, commanding the 15th Corps, told his divisions not to advance beyond Argentan and sought guidance from Patton. Patton ordered him to capture Argentan, "push on slowly in the direction of Falaise" and on reaching it "continue to push on slowly until you contact our Allies." Early in the afternoon of the 13th, however, Patton countermanded this very sensible order and instructed Haislip to halt in the vicinity of Argentan.

It had been stated that General Montgomery originated the countermanding order, but this was not the case. The decision not to cross the bound-

dary rests with General Bradley. Bradley has explained that he doubted Patton's ability to block the Gap, through which the great German force was "now stampeding to escape the trap." But he also feared the consequence of "a head-on meeting between two converging Armies" with, perhaps, "a disastrous error in recognition." General Eisenhower himself has written, "I was in Bradley's headquarters when messages began to arrive from commanders of the advancing American columns, complaining that the limits placed upon them by their orders were allowing Germans to escape. I completely supported Bradley in his decision that it was necessary to obey orders, prescribing the boundary between the army groups, exactly as written; otherwise a calamitous battle between friends could have resulted." As a result of this, the formations of the 15th U. S. Corps remained relatively quiescent from the 13th through the 16th of August, holding roadblocks south and southeast of Argentan.

General Patton raged against this decision at the time. We need not lose our tempers over his reported "crack" to Bradley, "Let me go on to Falaise and we'll drive the British back into the sea for another Dunkirk." Patton no doubt had his failings, but he had the instincts of a great battlefield commander, and he knew an opportunity when he saw one. The situation south of Falaise on 13 August presented one of the greatest oppor-

House-clearing squad of Fusiliers Mont-Royal completes the mopping up of Falaise, August 17, 1944.





German prisoners, beaten but still defiant, march toward Canadian P.O.W. cages. Author Stacey quotes a Canadian general: "When we bumped into battle-experienced German troops we were no match for them."

BREAKOUT AT FALAISE *continued*

tunities of the war. First Canadian Army failed to take full advantage of it on its side of the Gap; Bradley and Eisenhower refused to take full advantage of it on theirs. It is true that Patton might not have succeeded in closing the Gap; but the stakes were so high that it was well worth trying. It is true that an advance beyond the boundary might have resulted in fatal incidents between two Allied armies; but these would have been much more than compensated for by the damage which closing the Gap would have done the enemy. Ultimately the boundary had to be disregarded. It would have been good sense to disregard it on 13 August.

On the Fifth Panzer Army front north of Fa-

laise these days had seen desperate attempts to buttress the crumbling line. The German strength, small in the beginning, was steadily sapped by casualties. These were particularly heavy on 8 August. That evening Eberbach, reporting to von Kluge by telephone, spoke of the "renewed Allied bombings" which "crushed the 12th S.S. Panzer Division so that only individual tanks came back." Eberbach went on:

I SS PZ. CORPS HAS BUILT UP A BATTLE LINE WITH ANTI-TANK AND FLAK GUNS WHICH HAS HELD SO FAR. WHETHER THIS LINE WILL HOLD OUT UNTIL TOMORROW IF THE ENEMY ATTACKS MORE ENERGETICALLY IS QUESTIONABLE. ACTUALLY THE NEW INFANTRY DIVISION [THE 89TH] ARE 50% KNOCKED OUT. I SHALL BE LUCKY IF BY TONIGHT I AM ABLE TO ROUND UP 20 TANKS, INCLUDING TIGERS.

On the evening of 9 August, Fifth Panzer Army

reported that the tank strength of the 1st Panzer Corps was down to 35. But by the afternoon of the 9th, the Canadian thrust had been blunted by a disaster to the British Columbia Regiment near Estrées. The commander of the 4th Armored Brigade (Brigadier E. L. Booth) had ordered the British Columbia Regiment, with which the Algonquin Regiment was now grouped, to advance to Point 195 and be on the objective by first light.

The attempt by the British Columbia-Algonquin group to carry out its orders produced a most costly action. Having got far off its proper axis during the advance, the force was almost annihilated in the course of the day.

After encountering minor resistance east of the main road the officer commanding the group, Lt.-Col. D. G. Worthington, decided to drive on "while we still have surprise." His plan was evidently to by-pass the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

A few thorny moments in the High Command

CRERAR TO MONTGOMERY:

**I would never
consent to being pushed about by anyone**

MONTGOMERY TO CRERAR:

Our ways must part



CRERAR TO CROCKER:

**The immediate task
is to advance eastward**

CROCKER TO CRERAR:

The operation is "not on"



The first Commander-in-Chief of the Canadian Army, General A. G. L. McNaughton, was in effect fired by the British War Office. His successor, H. D. G. Crerar had fewer difficulties with his British colleagues. The Canadian Army's official history deals with three of them here.

IN DECEMBER 1943 General A. G. L. McNaughton relinquished command of the First Canadian Army, and Lieutenant-General Kenneth Stuart took it over in an acting capacity, at the same time becoming chief of staff, Canadian Military Headquarters, London.

On 4 January 1944 the War Office wrote to Canadian Military Headquarters making formal proposals for "amending the present relationship between First Canadian Army and 21 Army Group." These proposals had already been informally discussed and agreed upon. It was now proposed that First Canadian Army should be "detailed to act in combination with 21 Army Group" under the terms of the Visiting Forces Acts — that is, actually placed under its command. The War Office letter proceeded:

2. In the event of this being agreed the Commander-in-Chief, 21 Army Group, will wish to carry out certain interchanges of

formations between First Canadian Army and the British component of his force. In anticipation of this it is therefore considered desirable that certain appointments on the staff of Headquarters First Canadian Army should be filled by British officers.

3. It is further proposed that the Commander First Canadian Army should be appointed by the Canadian Government after consultation with His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom.

Colonel Ralston, Canadian Minister of National Defence, told the Cabinet War Committee on 1 March 1944 that the form of the clause concerning the manner of appointment of the army commander was his suggestion. He said that he had considered it desirable to avoid any implication that the appointment of the Army Commander could be made otherwise than by the Canadian Government; at the same time, since so many British troops would now be included in the Army, it had seemed to him only proper that the appointment should be made after consultation with the United Kingdom.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

At last!

PARKINSON'S Second Law



**A British professor named
C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON**

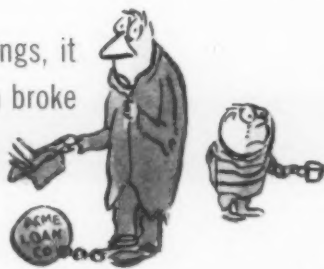
achieved immortality by stating
the now-famous Parkinson's Law:

"Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion"

Since then, the world has been
waiting for his next pronouncement.
Here it is:

"EXPENDITURE RISES TO MEET INCOME"

Simple? Yes. Obvious? Perhaps. But, among other things, it
explains why that next pay raise will probably leave you broke



An extremely wealthy man underwent an extremely serious operation at the hands of an extremely distinguished surgeon. Ten days afterwards the surgeon asked how his patient was progressing. "Doing fine," said the nurse. "He has already been trying to date Nurse Audrey, a sure sign of convalescence."

"Nurse Audrey?" asked the surgeon quickly. "Is that the blond girl from Illinois?"

"No," the nurse assured him, "Nurse Audrey is the redhead from Missouri."

"In that case," said the surgeon, "the patient needs something to steady his pulse. I shall tell him what the operation cost."

The patient sobered down under this treatment and did some rapid calculations on the back of his temperature chart.

"Your fee of four thousand dollars," he finally concluded, "represents the proportion I retain from the last \$44,500 of my income. To pay you without being worse off would mean earning another \$44,500 more than last year; no easy task."

"Well," replied the surgeon, "you know how it is. It is only by charging you that much that I can afford to charge others little or nothing."

"No doubt," said the patient. "But the fee still absorbs \$44,500 of my theoretical income—no inconsiderable sum. Might I ask what proportion



"When a man gets a raise, he and his wife are prone to decide how the additional income is to be spent. They might just as well save themselves the trouble, for no surplus ever comes into view . . ."

of the four thousand dollars you will manage to retain?"

It was the surgeon's turn to scribble calculations, as a result of which he concluded that his actual gain, after tax had been paid, would amount to eight hundred dollars.

"Allow me to observe," said the patient, "that I must therefore earn \$44,500 in order to give you eight hundred dollars of spendable income; the entire balance going to government. Does that strike you as a transaction profitable to either of us?"

"Well, frankly, no," admitted the surgeon. "Put like that, the whole thing is absurd. But what else can we do?"

"First, we can make certain that no one is listening. No one at the keyhole? No federal agent under the bed? No tape recorder in the —? Are you quite sure that we can keep this strictly to ourselves?"

"Quite sure," the surgeon replied after quickly opening the door and glancing up and down the corridor. "What do you suggest?"

"Come closer so that I can whisper. Why don't I give you a case of Scotch and so call it quits?"

"Not enough," hissed the surgeon, "but if you made it two cases . . .?"

"Yes?" whispered the patient.

"And lent me your cabin cruiser for three weeks in September . . ."

"Yes?"

"We might call it a deal!"

"That's fine. And do you know what gave me the idea? I studied Parkinson's Law and realized that excessive taxation has made nonsense of everything!"

"Rubbish, my dear fellow. Parkinson's Law has nothing to do with taxation. It has to do with over-staffing—of which, by the way, this hospital provides some interesting examples. In parasitology, for —"

"Like all medical men, you are out of date. You are referring to Parkinson's First Law. I am referring to his Second Law."

"I must admit that I never heard of it. It concerns taxation, you say?"

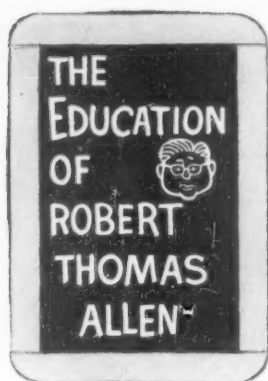
"It concerns taxation. It also concerns you. Now, listen . . . listen carefully. Expenditure rises to meet income!"

Expenditure rises to meet income. Parkinson's Second Law, like the first, is a matter of everyday experience, manifest as soon as it is stated, as obvious as it is simple. When the individual has a raise in salary, he and his wife are prone to decide how the additional income is to be spent; so much on an insurance policy, CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

DRAWINGS BY PETER WHALLEY



Copyright © 1960 by C. Northcote Parkinson



What I learned from the magic

Kids who think adventure means *The Rifleman* don't know what they're missing.

The books of Bob's boyhood carried him off into incredible adventures with swashbuckling pirates, Indian scouts, arrogant swordsmen and a host of romantic figures who lived, fought and died through page after delectable page

I notice that several prominent Canadians have stated recently that TV will never replace books, and I don't believe any of them.

I think books will soon be like bicycles: everybody will know what they are, and maybe even own one. But books will never again hold the fascination they did when there was no TV or radio and there were very few movies.

When I was a kid it was an exciting event to lean over a book on the dining-room table, read: "Early in October, 1815, an hour before sunset, a tramp entered Digne, a little French town," or some such ominous words as "Mother Thenardier appeared, a candle in her hand and said, 'Oh, is it you, you little slut! God knows you have taken your time,'" and spend the rest of the evening in a world of strange inns with mysterious travelers sitting by the fireplace, memoirs written in blood in the Bastille, cobblestone streets, and romantic figures who went to jail for twenty-five years, acquired fabulous wealth, cut off each other's heads and took vital parts in great issues like revolutions.

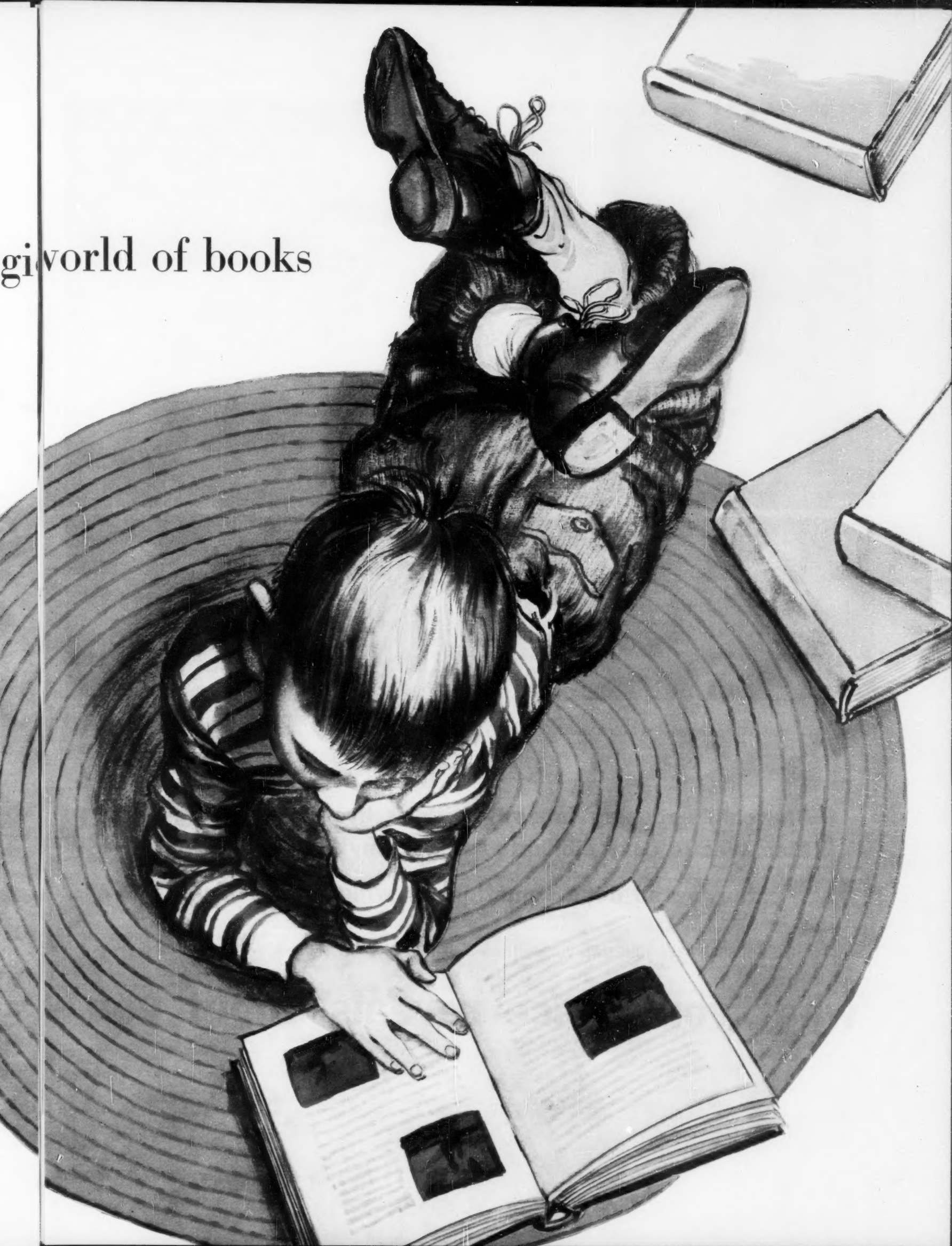
In those far-off, book-reading days we even considered it a worthwhile evening to open up an old Chambers' Encyclopaedia on the kitchen table and examine pictures of rare things like "close-hauled sloop," or the "weever fish" or the "lepidopterous." We'd look down at our dog dozing under the kitchen wood range and say, "Hey, lepidopterous!" and she'd give the linoleum floor one thump with her tail and go on sleeping.

We treasured books and saved up for them and discovered them in old trunks, and asked for them for Christmas and traced things out of them and took them to bed with us and wrote away for them. One of the highlights of my life was the time, on the advice of a friend I thought was a liar, I wrote to the National Museum at Ottawa for a copy of Taverner's Birds of Canada, and got one, free, packed in a cardboard box, with bits of excelsior still clinging to the color plates. It was the last thing I ever got free and I still have it. I think if I had a fire I'd let my TV burn and try to save my free Taverner.

We used to read books lying on the living-room floor, on the front lawn, lying in hammocks and sitting on the porch roof, and the mood of our surroundings seeped into the books and gave them extra flavor — the washing crackling and snapping on the clothesline like the sails of a brig; the winter sun melting the snow on the shingles of the veranda roof outside the upstairs bay window; the whiff of a wet breeze from Lake Ontario; CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

ILLUSTRATION BY LEWIS PARKER

giworld of books





The voice of Churchill inspired the British during history's worst bombing.

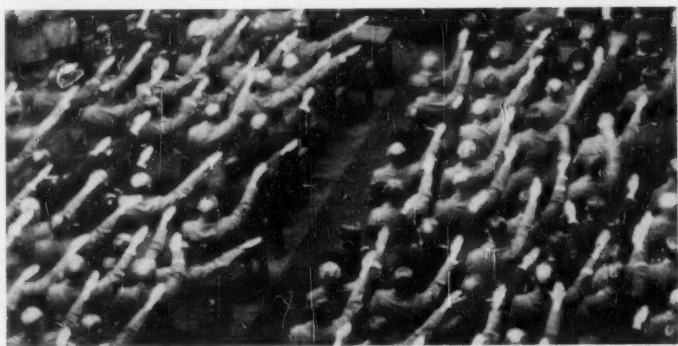


The voice of Mae West seemed like an intimate invitation to her male fans.

► Churchill's rousing tones ► Hitler's hysterical raving
 ► Mae West's sexy sibilants ► Conn Smythe's angry roars—
 they've all done something moving and magical

In surprising ways your own voice draws a picture of you. Here, say the experts, is

what your voice reveals about you



The voice of Hitler hypnotized millions into believing in Aryan supremacy.

The voice of Conn Smythe spurred his Leafs on to memorable triumphs.

WHAT DOES your voice reveal? Whenever you speak, your listeners hear much more than the bare message your words convey. From your tone, your accent, your gestures, the way you gabble or bellow or whisper or whine, they form opinions of you. How accurate are the clues your voice carries? Can it really tell people something about your mood and your background, your occupation, attitudes and ambitions? Is it a true reflection of your character?

"My impression is that there is a real relationship between voice and personality," says Donald McGeachy, speech pathologist at the Toronto Western Hospital. Esme Crampton, director of the Manitoba theatre school of the Manitoba Theatre Centre, agrees: "Your voice is literally the sound of your personality."

The kind of person you are determines to some extent the kind of voice you have, and your voice influences the kind of person you can become. Whether or not other people can judge you from your voice, the fact that they believe that they can colors all your relationships and this affects every part of your life — your job, your marriage, your friendships and your own feelings about yourself.

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

"We all react to voices, even though we don't always realize it," says Mrs. A. B. Hall, of the Neighborhood Workers Association of Toronto. "There isn't enough stress put on the importance of voices in family relationships."

According to James F. Hickling, president of Canadian Personnel Consultants, "The media of mass communication are becoming increasingly oral. Nowadays an executive has to get up and say something. One characteristic successful people have in common is that the quality of their voices conveys confidence and enthusiasm. Undoubtedly voice has an effect in terms of business success. A good voice helps a man as much as a good figure helps a woman."

"A good voice is compelling," says Eva Langbord, supervisor of casting, CBC-TV. "No matter what business you're in, a voice with good tone and color and personality is a tremendous asset."

Stage traditions have helped to form our stereotyped ideas about voices. We connect a deep pipe-organ voice with manliness, a Dietrich drawl with

sex and sophistication. A clipped military accent carries authority and a gentle murmur suggests modesty and respect. When Professor T. H. Pear, of the University of Manchester, broadcast the voices of nine people in 1927 and asked listeners to describe the speakers, he found that many people could guess approximately what sort of character, age, appearance and occupation went with each voice.

Miss Langbord says, "Immediately you hear a voice it establishes a certain kind of personality for you. There is always a reaction; you are either drawn or, in extreme cases, repelled. But it really isn't fair to judge people too much on this kind of quick evaluation." One person may sound warm and friendly while another, equally kind, sounds deceptively harsh. A loud voice may mean that the speaker is aggressive or simply that he grew up with a large family all clamoring for attention.

"The idea that you can always spot an effeminate man or a masculine woman by their voices is a myth," says Dr. C. M. Godfrey, director of the course in speech pathology at the University of Toronto.

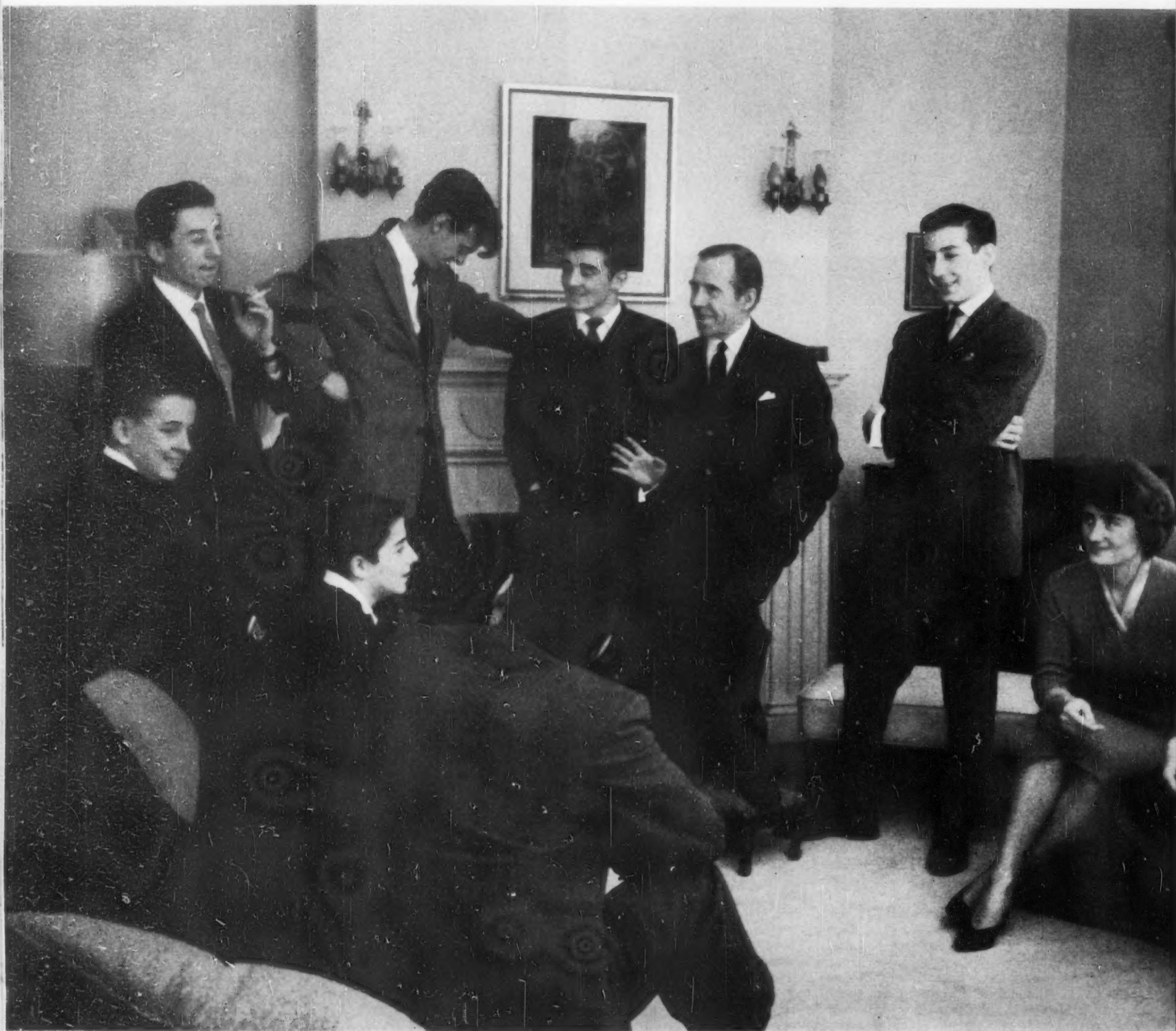
Voices are so peculiar — CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



FAMOUS FAMILIES AT HOME

A VISIT WITH GRATIENG

"As a showman," Lefolii noted, "he's a one-man gang."



At home, Gélinas (hand upraised) still holds the centre of the stage. Around him (clockwise) are Yves, 20; Sylvie, 23; Mme. Gélinas; the author (back to camera); Pascal, 13; Alain, 15; Michel, 22; Bernard Sicotte (Gélinas' son-in-law); and Pierre, 17.

GELINAS



"The theatre," says Gelinas, "is forgetting the things that made it — suspense, passion, laughter, pathos."

What sacrifices must a dedicated showman demand of himself and his family? The patient and often lonely Madame Gelinas knows the answer: the famed French-Canadian comic is never really out of the theatre no matter where he goes

By Ken Lefolii

In public life Gratién Gelinas is a showman. He is often compared to Charlie Chaplin, not entirely without reason. In private life he is still a showman, as I learned when I talked through an afternoon with him and his wife, Simone, in their Montreal duplex.

He is also, to be sure, a family man with five sons and a daughter. But he plays this role — to burden a figure of speech — by bringing his stage back home with him and casting his family as supporting players in *The Gratién Gelinas Story*. Simone Gelinas is a lonely woman, and like other gamblers' wives (a showman, particularly one who produces his own scripts, is as surely a gambler as any horse-player) she has learned how to wait under strain, sometimes for months, until the gamble is won or lost. Gelinas has staged winning productions more often than not, but there is always, his wife observes, "next time, and then it is just as bad."

She can count the number of hours she spends with her husband in most weeks, and when they're together they usually talk over his current script, his current role, or the current crisis at his theatre. Their daughter, Sylvie, recently married a young Montrealer named Bernard Sicotte who performs his own comedy material, a clear case if there ever was one of environment showing the way to romance. The three youngest Gelinas boys are at boarding school but their older brothers, Michel and Yves, are both apprentice showmen themselves — the early stirrings, perhaps, of a Canadian version of the Barrymore "dynasty." They sometimes wait up for Gratién after the night curtain of his current play. If he clears away the next day's problems at the theatre in time to reach home before two or three in the morning, they sit around for a while and talk shop. There are, after all, only between seventeen and twenty working hours in Gelina's overcharged day, and for the last quarter-century he has been reluctant to squander a working hour on anything outside his craft. The quarter century — to touch only the high points — has gone like this:

In the late Thirties and early Forties he produced an annual series of comedy revues in Montreal called the *Fridolinades*. He also wrote them, directed them and starred in them. They set some kind of longevity record for revues by reappearing in fresh and funny editions for nine years running.

At the end of the Forties he supplanted Fridolin, the harassed but gallant street urchin who was the title character in his revues, with *Tit-Coq*, the homeless ex-soldier who was the title character in his first full-scale play. In *Tit-Coq* Gelinas triple-teamed himself again, as star, director and producer. The play broke all attendance records for a theatrical production in Canada with three hundred performances in French and a couple of hundred more in English.

In 1958, he created, out of his own excessive momentum and with the money of a well-heeled art patron, the Dow Brewery, a permanent theatre in Montreal for producing, when possible, Canadian plays — *La Comédie Canadienne*. He is the *Comédie's* artistic director and its business boss. (A Montreal critic once called Gelinas "that rare thing, an artist who knows the score.") The theatre's most successful production so far is its current one, a comedy called *Bousille et Les Justes*, by G. Gelinas. The star of *Bousille* is the same G. Gelinas. So, it goes without saying, is the director. As a showman, Gratién Gelinas is a one-man gang.

To catch him at home and temporarily stationary I had to wait for a Monday, the one day of the week his theatre is closed and he is out of grease paint. (In Montreal, Sunday is a legitimate and busy working day for entertainers of every stripe, from strip teasers to string quartets and, of course, comedians.)

The Gelinas' seven-room apartment in Outremont, a Montreal sub-community just north of Mount Royal, is in an anonymous stone-faced duplex that looks like an insurance salesman's residence. The day I called there the photographer who came along, Sam

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM TATA



Cowboys from the C-1 ranch drive \$40,000 worth of beef-on-the-hoof into market at Williams Lake. The 75-mile drive took a week. Better roads will soon make trucking more practical.



The MacDougalls weigh \$5,000 in gold from their 99-year-old Lowhee mine.



Indians from Cariboo ranches stroll and shop in the cattle capital, Williams Lake.



John and Ruth Wade are among the area's biggest ranch owners. Their spread runs to a million acres.



Slim Brecknock could step into any TV horse opera. He sometimes works five months without sleeping under a roof.

BY RAY GARDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK LONG

CARIBOO IS THE NAME given to a vast and, at times, wild and lonely plateau that stretches between the western ramparts of the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range of British Columbia, and which its inhabitants, to a man, will tell you is nothing less than God's country.

The thought soon strikes the traveler that He must surely have made it without a plan, for it is a grandly chaotic land of dark and menacing mountains, friendly rolling hills of clay, and meadows where the white-faced cattle munch the succulent bunch grass. In places it is sufficiently moist to support thick and valuable stands of timber, in others it is so parched as to provide sustenance only for sagebrush.

Its boundaries are not to be found on any map and even those who live there will argue as to where it begins and where it ends. Roughly, it can be said to be oval-shaped and to extend from Cache Creek, near the Thompson River, in the south, to the Cottonwood River, one hundred and eighty miles to the north. From east to west, its widest expanse is perhaps one hundred and sixty miles. Slashing down its entire length is the Fraser River.

A land such as this was made for great happenings and big enterprises, and the Cariboo a century ago had a stampede for gold that only the Klondike could surpass. Today it has cattle spreads as big as any on the continent.

The largest of these spreads embraces more than two million acres of grazing land that the livestock shares with moose and deer. Another ranch is so vast a plane flies over the range to drop supplies and notes of instruction to the cowboys.

This is prime big-game country, too, where moose and deer abound, attracting hunters from as far away as Florida, Texas and New Mexico.

As well, it has become an important logging area where the sawmills with their shorter hours and higher pay are luring the cowboys and Indians off the ranches, away from workdays that last from daylight to dark and wages that amount to \$125 to \$150 a month, plus board. In the last decade, most of its towns have been transformed by what the local wags call "the discovery of trees."

Its inhabitants, though no less diversified than its geography, are more easily sorted out: gold miners, big-game guides, cowboys, Indians (who, ironically, are mostly cowboys), ranchers, loggers, even a genuine English lord — as well, of course, as those of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

WHAT IT'S LIKE IN

the vast and vibrant Cariboo

White-faced cattle share million-acre spreads with moose and deer, miners scratch a living out of half-forgotten gold fields, and big-game guides offer "a grizzly or your money back."

"This country," says a cowboy who knows, "beats the hell out of Texas"

Memos I Wish I'd Written, Just for the Record

By Hal Tennant

MEMORANDUM

To: My four sons.

Re: Sunday picnic.

This will confirm our understanding today that our plan to pack a picnic lunch some Sunday does not necessarily apply to this coming Sunday or any specific Sunday. After agreeing to a date at some future time, I still reserve the right to postpone the trip in the event of rain, snow, thunder, lightning, frost, floods, fires, atomic attack, civil riot, automotive breakdowns, family crises, parental inertia, forgotten commitments or any other reason or combination of reasons which I may deem valid. All decisions will be made by me and will be final and binding and not subject to appeal either directly or through the maternal head of this household.

(Carbon copy to Mother.)

(Signed)
Dad.

Dad

MEMORANDUM

To: Charlie Frimmel, next door.

Re: Power mower.

I thought you would like to have a written summary of our discussion today, re above subject, owned by me. You agreed not to:

1. operate said mower between the hours of 8 p.m. and 10 a.m.
 2. run said mower over any gravel, rockery, rubbish or other material obviously not intended for mowing.
 3. kick, pound, hammer, smash, tip over or hurl, or otherwise abuse, said mower, regardless of whether or not it operates to your satisfaction.
 4. attempt to gas up said mower while smoking a cigar.
- Implicit in this agreement is the understanding that in the event of damage to the mower while in your possession, you will not:
1. attempt to repair it yourself.
 2. try to convince me that I should pay half the new price of the mower for a new machine which a friend of yours can get wholesale.
 3. make insulting remarks about frugality or any references to my having purchased the economy-priced mower, rather than the more expensive, allegedly heavy-duty model.

(Please sign here and return.)

(Signed) H. W. Tennant.
H. W. Tennant.

MEMORANDUM

Re: Steak.

To: My wife.

Since you will no doubt be serving steak again some time, I would like to compliment you again on the excellence of tonight's steak. You will recall that during dinner we calmly discussed various other methods that might give our steaks an even more delicious flavor. With this background in mind, you will readily see how I might, without intending to criticize, ask such a question as, "What did you do to the steak this time?"

- I'm sure, Darling, that if you listen carefully to this question, you will notice that it is asked in the spirit of interested inquiry. And I'm sure you already realize, Dearest, that:
1. I think you cook steak better than my mother ever did.
 2. I have no desire to invite my mother here to cook my steak for me, nor do I personally wish to usurp your authority in the kitchen.
 3. We simply can't afford to go out to a restaurant every Sunday, so you might as well get that idea out of your head the minute the argument starts.

(Signed) Your loving husband,
—Hal Tennant.

Hal



Maple Leaf Tendersweet Ham



Maple Leaf Sliced Cooked Meats



Maple Leaf Filets Mignons

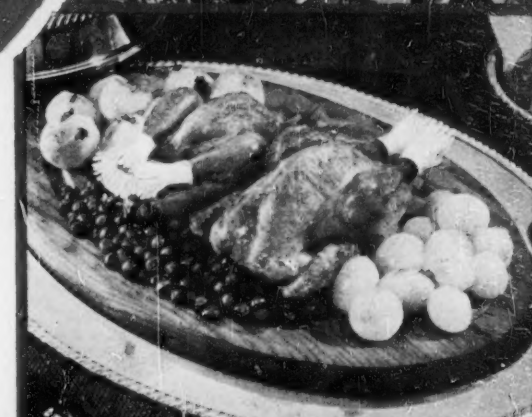
*This mark says
buy with
confidence*



*...serve
with success!*



Maple Leaf Bacon



Maple Leaf Chickens



Pastry by Domestic



Maple Leaf Cheese

THE FIRST STEP TO ANY SUCCESSFUL DISH is to feel confident that the ingredients you choose complement your skills in the kitchen. So look for the products that bear the "CP" mark—Canada Packers' pledge of finest quality. This mark stands for all the things we do—through research and food science, careful handling and skillful processing—to make a complete line of fine foods that you can buy with confidence and serve with success!

CANADA  PACKERS
PLEDGE OF FINEST QUALITY

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK: An Oxford-bred fugitive from industrial strife (Ian Carmichael) and three coy tennis players in a nudist colony are prominent in the large and somewhat frantic group of characters in this British satirical comedy. It weakens itself by refraining from establishing a valid point of view of its own, implying as it does that everybody on either side of the labor-management "war" is a crook or a fool; but the story is often wildly funny along the way. With Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas, Dennis Price, Margaret Rutherford, Liz Fraser.

CASH MCCALL: A dynamic glamor boy of high finance (James Garner) is the interesting but implausible hero of this Hollywood comedy-drama. He makes millions by knowing when to buy a company dirt-cheap and sell it at a huge profit. Natalie Wood, Nina Foch, Dean Jagger and Henry Jones are among the dazzled pawns whose destinies he juggles. Rating: fair.

EDGE OF ETERNITY: Some really breath-taking views of the Grand Canyon in wide-screen color compensate for an utterly predictable plot and a rather drab performance by Cornell Wilde as a sheriff tracking down a laughing gold smuggler (Mickey Shaughnessy).

LFL ABNER: Al Capp's raffish comic-strip world comes to life with enjoyable gusto in a Dogpatch musical based on the successful Broadway show. Whenever the story begins to bog down, another lively song-and-dance number gives it an invigorating lift. With Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Stubby Kaye.

THE MIRACLE: Max Reinhardt's famous stage spectacle of many years ago may have been a thing of magic in its day but the belated film stemming from it is dull, tasteless and at times ridiculous. It's about a student nun (Carroll Baker) who runs away from a Spanish convent during the Napoleonic invasion.

NEVER SO FEW: Long and thickly involved is the story wrapped around Frank Sinatra as a tough little American army captain and Gina Lollobrigida as a rich man's plaything during the worst days of the war in Burma. Good action scenes and some unhackneyed humor make the film worth seeing.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anatomy of a Murder: Courtroom drama. Excellent.

Beloved Infidel: Romantic drama. Fair.

Ben-Hur: Biblical drama. Excellent.

The Best of Everything: Drama. Fair.

The Bloody Brood: Crime drama. Fair.

Bobikins: British comedy. Fair.

The Captain From Koepenick: German satirical comedy. Good.

Carlton-Browne of the F.O.: British comedy. Good.

The Devil's Disciple: GBS comedy-drama. Fair.

Ferry to Hong Kong: British comedy-drama. Fair.

The FBI Story: G-man drama. Good.

The 5 Pennies: Biog-musical. Good.

Girls Town: Reformatory drama. Poor.

A Hole in the Head: Comedy. Good.

House of Intrigue: Spy drama. Fair.

It Started With a Kiss: "Naughty" comedy. Good.

The Jayhawkers: Western. Fair.

The Last Angry Man: Drama. Good.

Left, Right and Centre: Comedy. Fair.

Look Back in Anger: Drama. Good.

The Man Who Couldn't Talk: Courtroom drama. Fair.

The Man Who Understood Women: Romantic comedy. Fair.

The Mouse That Roared: Comedy. Good.

North West Frontier: Action drama in India. Good.

The Nun's Story: Drama. Excellent.

Odds Against Tomorrow: Drama. Good.

On the Beach: Atom-survival drama. Good.

Operation Petticoat: Comedy. Fair.

Pillow Talk: Comedy. Excellent.

Porgy and Bess: Music-drama. Good.

Pork Chop Hill: War drama. Good.

Room at the Top: Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.

The Scapegoat: Drama. Fair.

Sign of the Gladiator: Drama. Poor.

A Summer Place: Drama. Fair.

They Came to Cordura: Drama. Good.

Third Man on the Mountain: Alpine drama. Good.

—30—: Newspaper drama. Fair.

Tiger Bay: Suspense drama. Good.

Upstairs and Downstairs: Comedy. Fair.

The Wonderful Country: Western. Good.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare: Sea mystery-drama. Excellent.



The vast and vibrant Cariboo continued from page 25

more prosaic background and calling. But, no matter how they earn their bread, they are, each and every one, fiercely loyal to the Cariboo.

A typical Cariboo patriot is Slim Brecknock, a cowboy from the C-1 Ranch, whom I chanced to meet one day last fall in a clearing near Riske Creek. Slim and his buddies had been in the saddle three weeks, first rounding up and now driving three hundred head of cattle into Williams Lake to be sold. He wore a buckskin shirt, work-worn chaps, a kerchief at his throat, and the brim of his cowboy hat was rolled in a way that no dude could possibly roll it.

Slim gave a finishing twist to his hand-rolled cigarette, lit it with an ember from the campfire, and said, "This country beats the hell out of Texas."

Only two days before, in a tastefully appointed living room in a town called One Hundred Mile House, I had heard the same sort of talk from Michael Cecil, son of Lord Martin Cecil. Michael is twenty-seven, roughly the same age as Slim. He wore his Sunday-best tweeds and, having been schooled at Eton, he spoke less colloquially than Slim.

"One finds the Cariboo," said Michael, "infinitely more beautiful than most anywhere else one has seen. I most definitely prefer it to England." As an afterthought, he added, "Here one is far removed from the rat race."

Rising within the Cariboo plateau and sprawling westward from the Fraser River until it butts up against the coast mountains, is another plateau known as the Chilcotin. It is country as beautiful as its name, an immense country, and, by British Columbia standards, open country.

It is here, amid the rolling hills that appear to have a feminine softness, that one senses the spaciousness of the Cariboo and it is exactly this quality that accounts for the Cariboo's hold on Chilco Choate, the big-game guide.

Chilco operates a hunting camp for American sportsmen, deep within the wilderness of the Chilcotin. It is no tenderfoot's hunting lodge; the guests bed down in sleeping bags and are routed out at daylight.

"I first saw this country nine years ago, when I was fifteen, and I knew then I'd never live anywhere else," Chilco told me. "I went right back home to the coast, quit school and came back for good. In this country a man's got room to breathe and a chance to get ahead. It's a big country. That's what I like."

On the extreme northeastern rim of the Cariboo is the dark, mountainous and malevolent country where the Cariboo story began. This is where the gold was found that made the Cariboo world famous and opened the whole plateau to settlement.

The great Cariboo gold rush came about as a natural sequel to the Fraser stampede of 1858, as the miners kept pushing north. The first two important strikes were made in 1860, but it wasn't until the spring of '61 that William (Dutch Bill) Dietz and two partners crossed over Bald Mountain, the loftiest peak in the Cariboo Mountains, and came upon the creek that was to yield the greatest find of the Cariboo rush. They

called it Williams Creek, after Dutch Bill.

Over a six-mile stretch of Williams Creek that summer swarmed four thousand men, digging feverishly for gold. Some claims produced as much as thirty to forty pounds of gold in a day. Other rich streams were discovered and, by the time the fall snows came, the Cariboo had yielded, by official tally, \$2,666,000 in gold.

The news spread to the outside and the Puget Sound Herald was reporting only the facts when, in October 1861, it said, "The excitement respecting the Cariboo mines is reaching fever heat . . . People will not think or talk about anything else . . . Everybody talks about going to the Cariboo."

And so, in 1862, they came by the thousands — from California, the eastern United States, Ontario, the British Isles, Europe and even China.

One of those who came was Billy Barker, a Cornish sailor, a deserter from his ship. He sank one of the first deep shafts into the bed of Williams Creek, down fifty feet into dirt that washed out at five dollars to the pan. Billy was rich, but he died penniless. So did the most celebrated of all the gold-seekers, John (Cariboo) Cameron whose fortune has been variously set at anywhere from \$100,000 to \$350,000.

It was hard by Billy Barker's shaft that the famous though flimsy and false-fronted town of Barkerville sprang up, literally on stilts that kept it swaying above muck and water overflowing from the workings of Williams Creek.

Barkerville became in its time the gold capital of the world, the largest Canadian city west of Toronto. At their peak, it and the cluster of towns that clung to its muddy skirts could claim a population of ten thousand.

It was to give the stagecoach and freight wagon access to Barkerville that, in 1862, Sir James Douglas, British Columbia's first governor, ordered the building of the Cariboo Road, one of the boldest engineering feats North America has ever seen.

From Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser, the road was thrust through the river's terrible canyon, across the Cariboo, and, finally, into Barkerville. It was 385 miles long and it was built, with pick and shovel, sweat and dynamite, in less than three years at a cost of \$1,250,000.

The Cariboo's golden year was 1863, the creeks yielding almost four million dollars in gold.

Even now, hopefuls come to the gold-fields, although in an almost indiscernible trickle. In the ghost town of Stanley live Deward Wells, a sixty-nine-year-old former stock-broker, and his wife, Edith, who came from Seattle nine years ago and ever since have worked prodigiously trying to find and develop a claim that will pay. "Gold?" Deward Wells said to me. "Yes, I know I've got some. But I don't know yet how much. Next summer, then I'll know. Then I'll know."

In 1958, the B.C. government declared Barkerville a provincial park and undertook restoration of the town. So far, \$85,000 has been spent on the project and fifteen buildings have been restored, including the original barber shop of W. D.

Moses, an escaped Negro slave who helped catch a notorious murderer, peddled a guaranteed hair restorer and was one of Barkerville's more substantial citizens.

One of the men working on the restoration, Les Cook, a park ranger, has become so engrossed in his work that, he says, "I can walk down the street at night and I can see, there in the empty gaps, the old buildings, exactly as they were. And, in time, they'll be there again."

It is doubtful if Barkerville could now muster more than seventy souls to confront the census taker, but nevertheless its citizens resent outsiders calling it a ghost town, as people inevitably do.

I visited Barkerville one wet, dismal day last October. When I entered, the street was deserted except for a stray dog, and, all in all, it was difficult to conjure up a picture of the lively town it must once have been. Even so, I was to witness a flurry of the old-time excitement. Everyone that day was talking about Russell MacDougall's fall cleanup on Lowhee Creek.

The Lowhee mine is one of the Cariboo's most famous, discovered in 1861 and worked continuously ever since. In its discovery year, it produced more than a thousand dollars a day for forty-three straight days. And now, apparently, Russell MacDougall was on the verge of making it pay again.

Curious to find out how well he had actually done, I called on MacDougall that evening, in his home at Wells, a nearby town. His gold scales and two pans of gold dust were sitting on a card table in the living room. He was about to find out for himself.

"It looks like four or five thousand dollars," he told me. It was the result of six weeks' work and there was no profit in it, but, he said, "I'm not a bit worried. It looks very good, very encouraging. We're rigged up now for the next four or five years."

MacDougall, a relaxed, affable type, told me something about himself. He has spent thirty-eight of his fifty-eight years placer mining, "mostly working old holes." In his best year he made sixteen thousand dollars. "Since I've had those scales," he said, "I've weighed half a million dollars in gold on them."

Two days later I was heading into the Chilcotin, west beyond the Fraser, where, I'd been told, I would encounter a cattle drive on the Williams Lake-Alexis Creek road.

Three hundred head of cattle from the C-1 Ranch at Alexis Creek were being driven seventy-five miles to be sold at Williams Lake. I met the drive at a place called Riske Creek where it had been halted to water the cattle. The cowboys were ranged around a campfire, drinking coffee from huge, white-enameled mugs.

One of them, a rugged man with a handsome, weather-bronzed face, thrust out his hand and said, "I'm John Webb, the foreman of this outfit." The outfit included six other cowboys, a cook named Chen Sing, a chuck wagon (a jeep and trailer) and, as Webb put it, "about forty thousand dollars' worth of beef on the hoof."

Webb introduced me around and when we reached an Indian named David Gilpin, one of the others remarked admiringly, "That's a real Chilcotin cowboy, — him. Born here and been cowboying all his life."

The same cowboy told me, "You're seeing one of the last of the beef drives. Once they pave those roads, that'll be the end."

A few minutes later I watched as the cattle were driven over a hill and the cowboys, on the ridge of the hill, were

silhouetted against a soft blue sky, the whole picture projected on the wide, wide screen of the Chilcotin.

The Cariboo's ranches came into being in the first place to feed the miners and then, when the gold excitement subsided, they became the region's economic mainstay. Its herds now account for perhaps a fifth of the twelve million dollars' worth of beef cattle British Columbia produces annually.

Its finest ranch land is in the Chilcotin where the cattle spreads are so big a visiting prairie cattleman recently remark-

ed, "This isn't ranching; this is wild-life management."

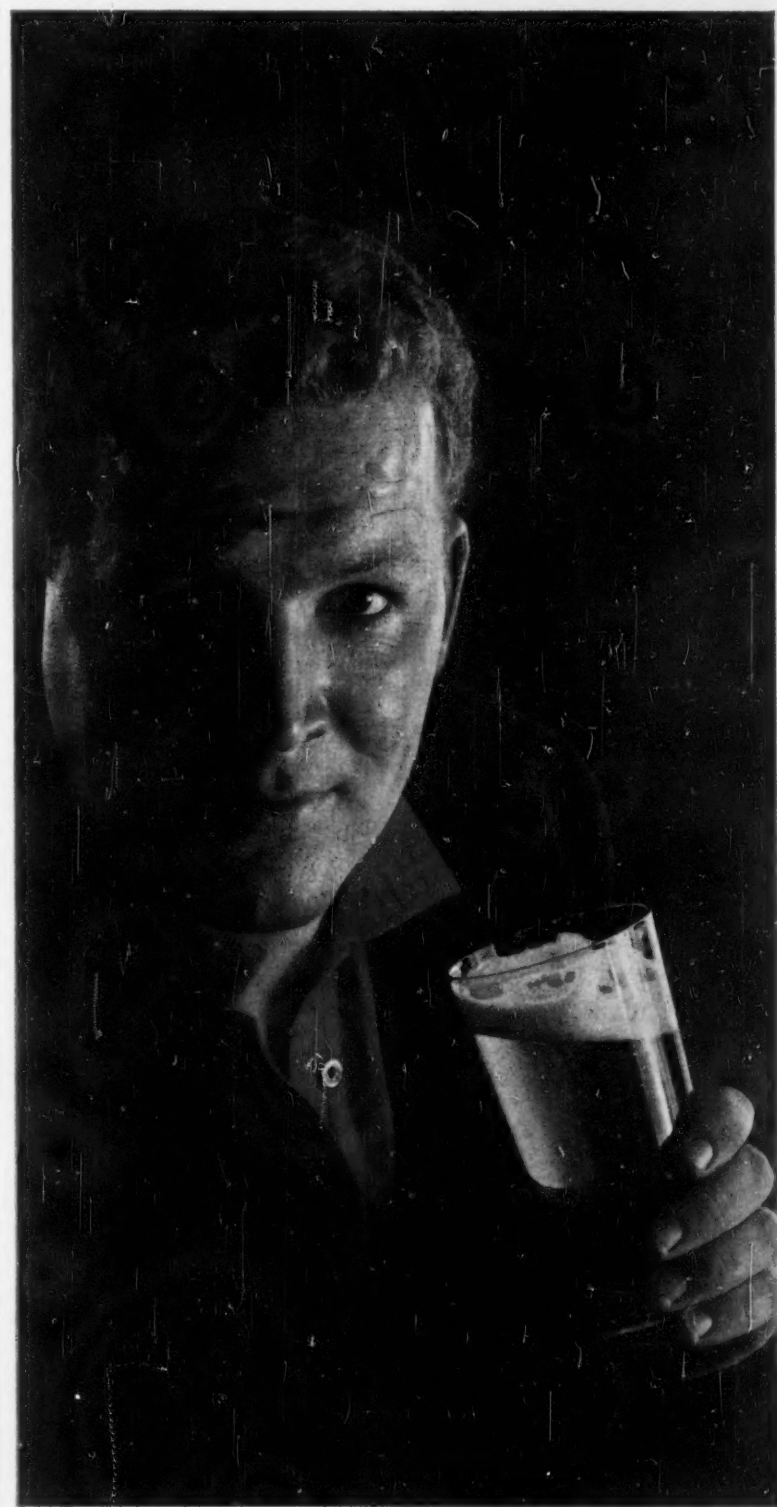
The biggest of them all is the Gang Ranch, virtually a lost continent of hills, valleys, meadows, tableland, mountains and timber. No less a river than the Fraser provides one of its natural fences. The ranch is marked on the maps of the province and so big is it that in the Cariboo you hear people speak of "the Gang Ranch country."

Founded in 1883, it was purchased in 1948 by two American multi-millionaires, Bill Studdert and Floyd Skelton. Stud-

dert, incidentally, is a partner in the ownership of a Montana ranch with the world's best-known movie cowboy, Gary Cooper.

Even Melvin Sidwell, the quiet-spoken Idahoan who manages the Gang, is not certain how large his empire is. "Some say two million acres," he says. "Some say three million. I don't know. Probably it's two and a half."

The Gang owns fifty thousand acres outright and leases grazing rights on the rest. In terms of land it controls, it is the biggest ranch in British Columbia and



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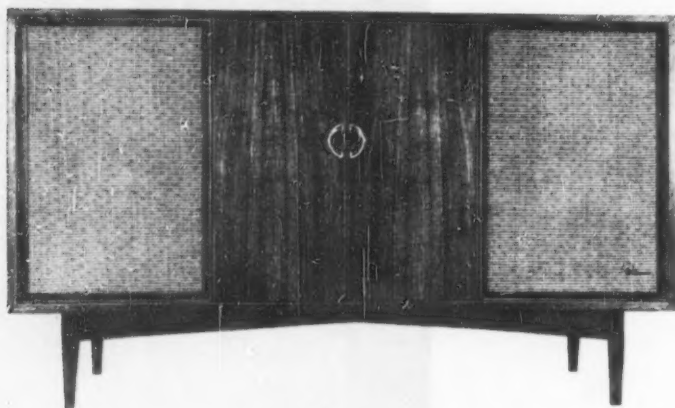
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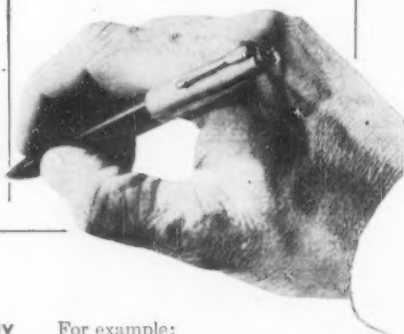


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perhaps even on the continent. But there are other outfits that run more cattle. Last fall there were six thousand head on the Gang; it has stocked as many as thirteen thousand.

Its most distant cow camp, in Graveyard Valley, is sixty-two miles from the home ranch. "We got some cowboys who go into that Graveyard country the first of June and they don't come out till October," says Sidwell. "In Hungry Valley they stay even longer. What do they do out there? They just work, that's all. I'll guarantee you it takes a man with some nerve to cowboy in this country. We get some drugstore cowboys who think they're real cowboys until they come out to the Gang and try it."

Though Sidwell had been in the Chilcotin less than a year when I met him, he already spoke with the matchless fervor of the true Cariboo patriot. I asked him about the Chilcotin's bunch grass, about which one hears so much throughout the Cariboo.

"Bunch grass!" he said. "That's about as near to grain as I ever saw. Every mouthful's like a vitamin pill. I've been ranching all my life and I'll tell you that's the greatest grass I ever saw."

There's also valuable timber on the Gang and it is being felled and floated almost two hundred miles down the Fraser to Hope. There is big game, too. I heard, last fall, of one group of eight hunters who took thirteen deer off the Gang in six days.

The Chilco's air patrol

Another of the Chilcotin's huge cattle domains is the Chilco where the manager, Haley Aylcock, a former U. S. Air Force colonel, rides its million acres of range in a Cessna 180.

The Chilco is owned by John Wade, a tall, dark and dynamic American whose chief business interest is a magazine distributing agency with headquarters in Honolulu. Wade and his attractive blond wife, Ruth, spend four or five months a year at the Chilco, commuting by plane between the ranch, Honolulu and a home they keep in Los Angeles. "We usually try to get into New York in the spring to catch the new shows," she remarks.

Since he acquired the Chilco in 1947, Wade has bought five more Chilcotin outfits and the Chilco itself he has turned into a picture ranch. Its fifteen red-roofed buildings are painted a spotless white and the home ranch is surrounded by a white rail fence instead of the usual rustic barrier of poles supported by tripods. The main airstrip stretches in front of the eleven-room ranch house and there are ten others scattered over the range.

"The plane saves us days of riding," Wade says. "During roundup, for instance, we can spot stray cattle from the air and then drop a note to the cowboys telling them exactly where to find them."

There are three sawmills on the Chilco. Lumber is, in fact, now the greatest source of the Cariboo's wealth. It has been since World War II, when over-cutting on the coast compelled the logging industry to invade the interior and harvest its jack pine, white spruce and inland Douglas fir. Now interior production is almost two thirds that of the coast. The Cariboo woods are peppered with hundreds of sawmills and logging camps and the winding backroads are crawling with monstrously huge logging trucks.

The impact of the logging boom on the towns of the Cariboo has been tremendous. For thirty years, until 1952, Quesnel, the region's principal settlement, had only one claim to fame: it was the northern terminus of the Pacific Great

Eastern Railway, ridiculed as "the railway from Nowhere to Nowhere." Quesnel was indeed Nowhere.

Since 1946, Quesnel has grown from a village of 1,150 to a town of five thousand, and in the decade 1946-56, the value of its manufactured goods, mostly lumber products, soared from \$707,000 to \$15,800,000 a year. Meanwhile, the PGE has become a proper railroad, running from North Vancouver into the Peace River country.

But nowhere has a more spectacular change been wrought by lumber than at One Hundred Mile House, so named when it was a stopping place on the old Cariboo Road. For years Hundred Mile was chiefly noted because of its remarkable blue-blooded cowboy, Lord Martin Cecil. In the Thirties, his father, the Marquis of Exeter, bought a sixteen-thousand-acre ranch there and sent Lord Cecil out to run it.

"My father used to cowboy all the time," said his son, Michael, who spoke to me in his father's absence. "He also managed another ranch, owned by Lord Edgerton of Tattan, which has since been sold to an American. In all, my father ran fifty thousand acres."

Ten years ago there were no more than fifteen people living at Hundred Mile. Now there are upwards of six hundred and it is the focal point for a population of several thousand. Everything in town, except a well-preserved stagecoach that sits by the highway, is new and neon-lit. The Exeter Arms is a first-class hotel with wall-to-wall carpets, colored plumbing fixtures and a cocktail bar.

"The whole town is built on what was our best wheat field," said Michael. "We build the streets, put in the water mains and lease the lots. The control of the town is in our hands. If someone wants to build a barber shop, he asks us, 'May I?' It is a unique situation."

In the fall of the year, a strange beast charges down the Cariboo highway. It has long tail fins, a mouth of chrome, and the antlers of a deer or moose. It is a sure sign the hunting season is on.

All hunters, returning not only from the Cariboo but from as far north as the Yukon and Alaskan borders, are required to stop and report their game at a government checking station in Cache Creek, at the southern tip of the Cariboo.

In 1958, fifteen thousand hunters reported killing twenty-three hundred deer, twenty-eight hundred moose, and twenty-eight thousand waterfowl and grouse, as well as a sprinkling of mountain sheep and goat, black and grizzly bear, and caribou. (Although the caribou gave its name — or, more precisely, a misspelling of its name — to the region, it is quite scarce in the Cariboo.)

One Cariboo guide has introduced a measure of certainty into the uncertain sport of hunting by advertising: Guaranteed hunts. The hunter only pays for what he shoots. A hunter may stalk bull moose for seven days and pay \$500 if he shoots one, nothing if he doesn't. A fourteen-day it's-in-the-bag foray after grizzly is priced at a cool thousand dollars. "Lord, how I hate a bad shot," this guide declares.

Although the grizzly is downright scarce in the Cariboo, Judge Henry Castillou, of the Cariboo County Court, will, if he gets your ear, tell how he once shot three of them in one day on the same spot.

That then, is the Cariboo — a land where they still scour the creeks for gold, where real honest-to-God cowboys still ride the range, trees have been discovered, and big game can be hunted on a money-back guarantee. ★



Canadian infantrymen ride toward German front line aboard redesigned artillery carriers.

BREAKOUT AT FALAISE

continued from page fourteen

enemy resistance at Bretteville-le-Rabet. This involved circling to the left (that is, eastward), then swinging to the right across the main highway. "The light was very poor this early in the morning," and it seems clear that the regiment, fighting its first battle, and advancing across country with few landmarks and dealing with scattered opposition as it did so, simply lost its way. The main body went east of the village of Estrées-la-Campagne instead of west of it. Shortly, in the words of the British Columbia Regiment's diarist, "High ground was sighted and we headed for it."

The high ground now taken up was in and around a field surrounded by hedgerows and scrub some 2,000 yards east of Estrées. It was on the wrong side of the Falaise Road and about 6,500 yards northeast of the objective. Nevertheless, the group believed itself on the objective (it seems possible that Lt.-Col. Worthington had mistaken the lateral road running east from Estrées for the Falaise Road) and it so informed Headquarters 4th Armored Brigade.

Having taken up its mistaken position, the group remained upon it, waiting for the reinforcements which—in the light of the reports it had made of its whereabouts—could never come. Between 8.08 and 8.41 a.m., the B.C. Regiment reported to Brigade, "Have run into enemy and lost ten tanks" and inquired whether it was possible to have artillery support. At 8.49 Brigade Headquarters asked for the location of the "opposition," to which the 28th Armored Regiment replied, "Same as 2 hrs ago. Approx 500 yds SE." Brigade evidently arranged for fire on this rather vaguely defined target, and at 9.07 asked, "Are you getting required support now?" No answer came; and thereafter there was only silence.

No ground help reached the group during the day. At one stage tanks, believed to be Polish, appeared in the distance; but they first fired upon our men, and when yellow recognition smoke stopped the firing they themselves came under German attack and were driven back, losing several tanks. The most encouraging support the group received was that of a brace of Typhoon fighter-bombers. They too fired on the position until warned with yellow smoke. Thereafter, "They returned at half-hour intervals all day long, rocketing and strafing the enemy around us. They were heartily cheered many times during the day." Early in the afternoon Lt.-Col. Worthington, finding there were some eight tanks undamaged, ordered them to break out of the position and run for it. They got out safely.

The enemy continued to attack with both armor and infantry. A British officer who was in the position wrote later: "At 1830 hours [6.30 p.m.] a strong enemy counter-attack came in. It was met by the infantry and tank crews with small arms and grenades. Serious losses were inflicted on the enemy who then withdrew. At this stage of the battle I saw one soldier, shot through the thigh and with a broken leg, still throwing grenades. Every man who was still conscious was firing some type of weapon." At about this time Lt.-Col. Worthington, who had directed the fight with cool courage throughout the day, was killed by a mortar bomb. At dusk, as a final German attack was coming in, the surviving Canadians who could do so slipped out of the position. Most of them succeeded in making their way into the Polish lines. Lieut. Meitzel, a German prisoner, says that he persuaded one group, after an initial refusal, to let him guide them to the German lines where they surrendered.

This episode, with its tragic mixture of gallantry and ineptitude, had been appallingly costly. The British Co-

lumbia Regiment lost 47 tanks—almost its entire tank strength—in its first day's fighting, and its personnel casualties on 9 August totaled, as closely as they can be calculated, 112, of which 40 officers and men were killed or died of wounds and 34 became prisoners. The Algonquin Regiment's total casualties came to 128, including 45 officers and men killed or died of wounds, and 45 taken prisoner. The great majority were undoubtedly suffered on the 9th by the two companies that had been with the B.C.R. Such losses would have been deeply regrettable even had they been the price of success. Unfortunately, they were suffered in the course of a tactical reverse which did much to prevent us from seizing a strategical opportunity of the first magnitude.

On the morning of the 15th our advance toward Falaise was resumed. The enemy had strong ground to aid him in delaying it, the dominant feature being the long ridge running directly north from Falaise just east of the main road. The 4th Armored Brigade pushed west of Epancy, leaving The Lake Superior Regiment and a squadron of the Foot Guards to capture the village itself, in co-operation with the Algonquin Regiment which was to assault from the north. Epancy was fiercely defended; the Algonquins had a long hard fight before the place was finally made good. The 4th Armored Brigade's day, as reflected in the records, was marked by confusion and lack of co-ordination. Late in the afternoon two armored regiments, the Canadian Grenadier Guards and the British Columbia Regiment (the latter now composed mainly of reinforcement tanks and crews) reached, or were reported to have reached, Point 159, the southern butt of the ridge, immediately above Versainville; but here they ran into heavy anti-tank fire and were driven back.

On the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division front to the west, there was fierce fighting in the afternoon. On the ridge immediately east of the Falaise Road the 1st Battalion Canadian Scottish Regiment, fighting under command of the 2nd Armored Brigade, and supported by the 1st Hussars, met and beat down tenacious opposition on Point 168. The Hussars, as the result of an inopportune enemy counter-attack, had to go in with their ammunition "unreplenished and very low," and they encountered nasty anti-tank fire. Unfortunately also the range in the beginning is reported to have been too long for artillery support, and when the field guns did come into action some shells dropped among our own troops. It was a grim affair. The Scottish went into the attack "tired, hungry and thirsty." Few prisoners were taken, the enemy, partly at least reported to be S.S. men, "preferring to die rather than give in." This was one of those fights where the job had to be done mainly by the men on foot, and they paid a heavy price. But late afternoon found the Scottish companies fully dug in on the objective.

During the morning the Polish Armored Division had cleared the area about Potigny; it then handed it over to the 2nd Canadian Division and began to move eastward toward the River Dives. The 2nd Division itself found that, after his unsuccessful counter-attacks on the 14th, the enemy had retired on its front. The 4th Infantry Brigade, moving on Falaise from the west with the Essex Scottish leading, met no opposition and by nightfall was only a mile or so from the edge of the town.

In accordance with General Montgomery's intentions, General Crerar on 15 August instructed General Simonds that as soon as Falaise had been taken and handed over to a Canadian infantry division, he would direct his two armored divisions on Trun. Montgomery told Crerar that a German force containing elements of five panzer

divisions was reported to be counter-attacking the American salient stretching north to Argentan. The Commander-in-Chief appreciated that when the enemy discovered that his escape route was blocked by the American line between Argentan and Carrouges, he would try to force his way out through the gap remaining between Argentan and Falaise. The capture of Trun, in the middle of the gap, was thus vital. This requirement had been anticipated in essentials by General Simonds' earlier orders, but he now ordered the 4th Division to accelerate its move.

The task of taking the tragic ruins of Falaise thus fell to the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division. Brigadier Young was ordered to clear the town with the 6th Brigade, and attacked at 3 p.m. with the South Saskatchewan Regiment on the left and the Cameron Highlanders of Canada on the right, each supported by a squadron of the Sherbrooke Fusiliers Regiment. The advance was handicapped by the huge craters caused by our bombing. Moreover, parties of the enemy were still fighting hard in the ruins. By the morning of 17 August, however, the South Saskatchewan had reached the railway east of the town.

The job of mopping up the last resistance in Falaise, one which was far from easy, was left to Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal. Fifty or sixty desperate men of the Hitler Youth Division had established themselves in the Ecole Supérieure in the centre of the town. Resistance here finally ended only about 2 a.m. on 18 August, when the Fusiliers assaulted in the midst of an enemy air attack which took toll of friend and foe alike. The building was fired. Four of the Germans were reported to have escaped. The others "fought to the end"; none surrendered.

The destruction in Falaise had been appalling. In some parts of the town it was difficult even to tell where the streets had run, and our bulldozers had much difficulty in opening routes. The castle where William the Conqueror was born, on the high rock or *falaise* that gives the place its name, was little damaged, save for the marks of a few shots fired at it in the process of clearing out snipers; the Conqueror's statue in the square below was untouched; but as a whole the ancient town that had been our objective for so long was little more than a shambles.

The Germans' situation had become steadily worse from the moment when von Kluge first recommended withdrawal from the pocket. Von Kluge was now on the verge of dismissal and, indeed, death. But before he left the scene he was able to give the vital order to retreat from the salient west of the Gap. Until now he and his subordinates had continued to urge such action without success. "It is five minutes to twelve," Blumentritt, his chief of staff, told the German High Command on 15 August. Hitler had issued yet another counter-attack order. This, von Kluge said, was impossible to execute. "To cling to a hope that cannot be fulfilled by any power in the world . . . is a disastrous error. That is the situation!" Later that day a Führer order arrived authorizing withdrawal—though Falaise (which the Germans were finally losing at that moment) was to be held as a corner post. Von Kluge proceeded to issue orders for the retirement: it is possible that he acted before the Führer's permission arrived, for the time of its receipt is not recorded, and the field-marshal quite probably now considered himself a dead man.

In the evening of 17 August Field-Marshal Walter Model appeared at Headquarters Army Group "B," presented a letter from Hitler and relieved von Kluge.

The next day the fallen Commander-in-Chief left his

"Dead so close together they were practically touching"

former headquarters for Germany. En route he committed suicide, apparently by taking poison. According to General Jodl's diary notes, he was dead when his aircraft reached Metz. But he had left behind him a letter to Hitler:

I do not know whether Field-Marshal Model, who has been proved in every sphere, will still master the situation. From my heart I hope so. Should it not be so, however, and your new, greatly desired weapons, especially of the Air Force not succeed, then, my Führer, make up your mind to end the war. The German people have borne such untold suffering that it is time to put an end to this frightfulness.

... my Führer, I have always admired your greatness, your conduct in the gigantic struggle and your iron will to maintain yourself and National Socialism. If fate is stronger than your will and your genius so is Providence. You have fought an honorable and great fight. History will prove that for you. Show yourself now also great enough to put an end to a hopeless struggle when necessary.

I depart from you, my Führer, as one who stood nearer to you than you perhaps realized, in the consciousness that I did my duty to the utmost.

Just what proportion of the Germans who were still inside the Pocket on the evening of the 19th managed to break out there is no way of establishing; but the Army Group "B" estimate of 40 to 50 percent presumably would not err on the side of understatement. During the five days ending at 6 p.m. on 23 August, 208 officers and 13,475 other ranks passed through First Canadian Army's prisoner-of-war cage; many more, of course, were picked up by the other converging Allied armies. Across the whole region where the Gap had been, the green-uniformed corpses lay thick; at one place, just northeast of St. Lambert-sur-Dives, an observer on 22 August saw "hundreds of dead, so close together that they were practically touching." From this appalling charnel-house there rose to offend the heavens a stench that was strong in the nostrils even of people in light aircraft far above. And every road and byway was blocked with ruined or abandoned German vehicles.

The Germans had lost a great battle, and in losing it had suffered casualties in men and equipment on a tremendous scale. General Eisenhower's report, covering the whole period since 6 June, is certainly generally accurate:

By 25 August the enemy had lost, in round numbers, 400,000 killed, wounded, or captured, of which total 200,000 were prisoners of war. One hundred and thirty-five thousand of these prisoners had been taken since the beginning of our breakthrough on 25 July. Thirteen hundred tanks, 20,000 vehicles, 500 assault guns, and 1,500 field guns and heavier artillery pieces had been captured or destroyed, apart from the destruction inflicted upon the Normandy coast defences.

The Allies' losses, though heavy, had been much less. As of the end of August, they had suffered 206,703 casualties, of which the United States forces had had 124,394 and the British and Canadians 82,309.

Canadian losses had been large in proportion to the strength engaged. From D Day through 23 August the total casualties of the Canadian component of the 21st Army Group had been 18,444, of which 5,021 were fatal. Field-Marshal Montgomery has published figures indicating that down to 1 October the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division had more casualties than any other division in the army group, and the 2nd Canadian Division was next.

The Allies owed their victory in great part to numerical and material superiority. The Germans had almost no naval support, and very little support in the air, whereas the Allied armies enjoyed the co-operation of very powerful naval forces (which not only carried them to Normandy and protected their supply lines, but also frequently intervened effectively in the land battle with their guns), and tremendous air forces which enjoyed almost entirely undisputed command of the air and were constantly brought into play against the enemy troops on the ground.

Even on the ground, however, the Germans were, as time passed, considerably outnumbered. By 1 September the Allies had landed 826,700 military personnel in the British area and 1,211,200 in the U.S. area of Nor-

mandy. It appears likely that the Germans deployed about 740,000 men of their army in Normandy south of the Seine.

In addition to being outnumbered the Germans had also been decisively outgeneraled. "On the strategic level" the Allied conduct of the campaign was far superior to theirs. Hitler's interference in the operations, and his refusal to accept the recommendations of the commanders on the spot, were undoubtedly a continual and a very serious hindrance to the German conduct of the campaign, although the post-war writings of German generals have somewhat exaggerated its importance by comparison with other factors. German Intelligence was also extraordinarily ineffective; one influence making for this result was doubtless the inadequacy of German air reconnaissance at this stage of the war, but the deficiencies of the intelligence provided on the higher levels were so serious that it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that there was deliberate sabotage within the organization.

Whatever the causes, the Germans were completely deceived as to Allied intentions both before the landings in Normandy and during the campaign there. Their continued expectation of a further assault in the Pas de Calais, and their consequent retention there, for six or seven weeks after the initial landing, of large forces which could probably have turned the scale in Normandy, were disastrous for their cause.

The direction of the Normandy campaign was, essentially, Montgomery's. The matter has unfortunately become one of controversy, for national as well as personal susceptibilities are involved. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff wrote of Montgomery in his diary in June 1943, "It is most distressing that the Americans do not like him, and it will always be a difficult matter to have him fighting in close proximity to them." Here Lord Alanbrooke was a true prophet. From the moment early on D plus 1 when he gave his first orders to Bradley and Dempsey, Montgomery's grip of the operations was firm and effective. He conducted them in accordance with a pattern laid down before the landings, for his forecast dated 7 May 1944 contains a definite indication of the policy of attracting the enemy's strength to the British front in the Caen sector; and the same policy appears in his reports and directives written in France as early as 11 June. It is true that his own statement of 1947, "The outstanding point about the Battle of Normandy is that it was fought exactly as planned before the invasion," is a considerable exaggeration. In fact there were constant adjustments in Normandy, one of the most important, the decision to undertake the "short hook" directed on Argentan instead of the long envelopment to the Seine, owing much to the initiative of General Bradley.



Last-ditch sniper shot this soldier of the Fusiliers Mont-Royal as the furious battle for Falaise neared its end.

Although there is no doubt that on the higher levels of command the Allies' operations in Normandy were far better conducted than the Germans', the same cannot be said with confidence about the operations on the actual battlefield. The German soldier and field commander showed themselves, as so often before, to be excellent practitioners of their trade. The German fighting soldier was courageous, tenacious and skilful. He was sometimes a fanatic, occasionally a brutal thug; but he was almost always a formidable fighting man who gave a good account of himself even under conditions as adverse as those in Normandy certainly were. German commanders and staff officers were in general highly competent. Man for man and unit for unit, it cannot be said that it was by tactical superiority that we won the Battle of Normandy.

The enemy's opinion of Allied tactics is always interesting and sometimes instructive. We have a careful report by the 21st S.S. Panzer Grenadier Regiment. On the whole, the German commentator, rightly or wrongly, had no very lofty opinion of the Allied foot soldier:

The morale of the enemy infantry is not very high. It depends largely on artillery and air support. In case of a well placed concentration of fire from our own artillery the infantry will often leave its positions and retreat hastily. Whenever enemy is engaged with force, he usually retreats or surrenders.

All the Allied armies committed to the battle had one thing in common: a high proportion of the formations used had never fought before—and those that had fought had operated under conditions very different from those of the northwest Europe theatre. It is probably true, in these circumstances, that all the Allied forces had very similar problems, and the comments upon Canadian formations which follow could doubtless be applied with little change to the British and American forces also.

The lack of battle experience undoubtedly had its due effect within the Canadian formations. They did well, but they would certainly have done better had they not been learning the business as they fought. It is true that all had undergone exceptionally long and careful training; but no training is entirely a substitute for experience of battle, and no division has ever realized its full potentialities until it has actually fought and thereby acquired the "battle wisdom" and the confidence that can only be gained in action.

At the same time, we had probably not got as much out of our long training as we might have. In an earlier portion of this history, the writer ventured the opinion that the Canadian Army suffered "from possessing a proportion of regimental officers whose attitude toward training was casual and haphazard rather than urgent and scientific." Analysis of the operations in Normandy seems to support this opinion. Regimental officers of this type, where they existed, were probably the weakest element in the Army. At the top of the command pyramid, Canadian generalship in Normandy does not suffer by comparison with that of the other Allies engaged. At the bottom, the vast majority of the rank and file did their unpleasant and perilous jobs with initiative, high courage and steadily increasing skill, as their fathers had done in the First World War. As for their officers, the Canadian regimental officer at his best (and he was very frequently at his best) had no superior. He worked to make himself master of his craft, which usually was not his by profession; he watched over his men's welfare and led them bravely and intelligently in battle. There still remained, however, that proportion of officers who were not fully competent for their appointments, and whose inadequacy appeared in action and sometimes had serious consequences.

This situation was reflected in some degree in the many changes in command which took place within First Canadian Army in the course of the campaign. Thus, by the end of August 1944, among the nine infantry or armored brigades in the 2nd Canadian Corps there had been eight changes in command, and only three brigades retained their original commanders. Four of the changes were due to battle casualties, a fact which reflects the extreme fierceness of the fighting. Two were the result of what higher authority considered unsuitability. Among the commanding officers of armored regiments, two were changed as consequences of death or injury, and two for other reasons; seven commands remained unchanged. In the infantry and machine-gun battalions (24 in number) only seven commands had not changed by the end of August. No less than 14 battalion commanders had been changed as the result of battle casualty or sickness. Five commanding officers had been promoted; and five re-

moved because considered unsuitable.

It is not difficult to put one's finger upon occasions in the Normandy campaign when Canadian formations failed to make the most of their opportunities. In particular, the capture of Falaise was long delayed, and it was necessary to mount not one but two set-piece operations for the purpose at a time when an early closing of the Falaise Gap would have inflicted most grievous harm upon the enemy and might even, conceivably, have enabled us to end the war some months sooner than was actually the case. A German force far smaller than our own, taking advantage of strong ground and prepared positions, was able to slow our advance to the point where considerable German forces made their escape. That this was also due in part to errors of judgment south of the Gap should not blind us to our own shortcomings.

Had our troops been more experienced, the Germans would hardly have been able to escape a worse disaster. They were especially fortunate in that the two armored divisions available to the First Canadian Army—the 4th Canadian Armored Division and the 1st Polish Armored Division—had never fought before they were committed to battle in Normandy at one of the highest and fiercest crises of the war. Less raw formations would probably have obtained larger and earlier results. In the case of the Canadian division, the results of inexperience were most evident in the operations of its armored component, the 4th Armored Brigade. Dissatisfaction with the division's operations south of Caen was reflected, almost inevitably, in a change of command, Brigadier H. W. Foster from the 7th Infantry Brigade being promoted to replace Major-General Kitching on 21 August.*

* It may be noted that General Kitching took over the division only at the end of February 1944. He never had the opportunity of commanding it in a full-scale exercise before it went into action. During the spring months tank movement was kept to a minimum to conserve the tracks of the tanks that were to be used in operations.

The 2nd Canadian Infantry Division had also had its troubles, accompanied by very heavy casualties, in the bloody battles in the second half of July. It is in order to recall again here the frank opinion of its commander, General Foulkes: "When we went into battle at Falaise and Caen we found that when we bumped into battle-experienced German troops we were no match for them. We would not have been successful had it not been for our air and artillery support. We had had four years of real hard going and it took about two months to get that Division so shaken down that we were really a machine that could fight." Nor had the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division, the first Canadian formation to meet the enemy in Normandy, been without its own reverses along with its successes.

While it seems clear that lack of battle experience hampered our formations in Normandy, one must remark that, although some of the German divisions were subject to the same disability, it appears to have had a less serious effect on them. The 12th S.S. Panzer Division, which was responsible for many of our troubles, was formed only in 1943 and had never fought before 7 June 1944. (As we have seen, however, it did contain a high proportion of experienced officers and N.C.O.s. It also had the advantage, after the first days of the campaign, of having a commander, and a senior staff officer who had special knowledge of the theatre of operations, having exercised there with the 1st S.S. Panzer Division in 1942.) There were other German divisions committed against us in Normandy which had not fought before and which nevertheless gave a very good account of themselves. This may have been due in part to the fact that the German formations were on the defensive while ours were attacking, a more difficult role. Nevertheless, one suspects that the Germans contrived to get more out of their training than we did. Perhaps their attitude toward such matters was less casual than ours.

Like other formations that went into the struggle without benefit of battle experience, the Canadian divisions in the beginning had a good deal still to learn; and some of it they learned hard. But this phase passed, and they moved on from Normandy a body of battle-hardened soldiers whose mastery of every aspect of their task was more and more strongly marked as the campaign proceeded. In the later months of it the Army was an exceptionally efficient fighting machine. Sound, sure and intelligent command at all levels; competent and painstaking staff work; expert and energetic support by the technical arms and the services; and, above all, consistently resolute and skilful fighting by the troops in contact with the formidable enemy—these were the characteristics of the First Canadian Army in its maturity. They made it a force to be feared and remembered. ★

THORNY MOMENTS IN THE HIGH COMMAND

Continued from page fifteen

Montgomery to Crerar: "I'm sorry I was a bit rude . . . My fault"

The War Office proposals were immediately accepted. The obvious Canadian candidate for the command of the Army was Lieut.-General H. D. G. Crerar, then commanding the 1st Canadian Corps in Italy. The British authorities agreed to this appointment, subject to a favorable report being received upon his performance in Italy. There were no major operations during his command there, and in point of fact no formal report was made, though the matter was discussed between Generals Brooke and Montgomery. On 1 March 1944 the Cabinet War Committee in Ottawa was told that General Crerar was being appointed to command the First Canadian Army, with the concurrence of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and of General Montgomery. He formally took command of the Army on 20 March.

In practice the proportion of British staff officers appointed to Headquarters First Canadian Army never approached the 50 percent provided in the Anglo-Canadian agreement. No British formation came under the command of Canadian Army Headquarters until after it had moved to France, and this had some effect on the question. The staff list of H.Q. First Canadian Army for 19 July 1944 shows 28 British officers out of a total of 200 listed—that is, 14 percent.

On 1 May 1944 General Stuart cabled the Minister of National Defence suggesting that official instructions should now be sent to the Army Commander, and that the Army Commander and himself should see the instructions in draft form before they were formally signed. He added, "Crerar and I consider that the following expressed as desires of the Government would strengthen our hands. The first being that except in cases of emergency the Government would like Canadian formations to work together under First Cdn. Army. The second being that when an armistice with Germany has been signed the Cdn. formations in Western and Southern Europe should be united under First Cdn. Army."

Instructions were drafted and forwarded for comment overseas accordingly. After considerable cabled discussion the amended instructions were approved by the Cabinet War Committee. During the discussion Prime Minister King reported to the Committee that while in England he had had a discussion with General Montgomery and had assured him that although the Government felt it desirable that Canadians should serve together no "political" considerations of this sort would ever be permitted to interfere with military operations.

The instructions to General Crerar emphasized the fact that the Army Commander, and the commander of any detached Canadian force, possessed the right of reference to the Canadian Government if he considered that the welfare of his troops required it. The Army Commander, it was further pointed out, possessed the right to withdraw his force from "in combination"; but such action should be taken only in extreme cases.

8. You and the Comd. of any Canadian Force not operating under your command, either by reason of its being detached therefrom or otherwise, continue to enjoy the right to refer to the Government of Canada in respect to any matter in which the said Canadian Forces are, or are likely to be, involved or committed or in respect of any question of their administration. Unless you consider that the circumstances warrant otherwise, such reference will be made only when the remedial or other action deemed by you or by the Comd. of such Canadian Force to be necessary has been represented to the Officer Commanding the Combined Force and he shall have failed to take appropriate action.

9. In deciding whether to exercise the authority to withdraw the Canadian Force, or any part thereof under your command from 'in combination,' you will consider all the circumstances including, but not in any way to be restricted to, the following:

- (a) Whether in your opinion the orders and instructions issued to you by the Commander Combined Force represent in the circumstances a task for the Canadian Forces which is a practicable operation of war;
- (b) Whether in your opinion such task with the

resources available is capable of being carried out with reasonable prospects of success;

- (c) Whether in your opinion such orders, instructions or tasks are at variance with the policy of the Canadian Government;
- (d) Your appraisal of the extent of prospective losses to the Canadian Force in relation to the importance of the results prospectively to be achieved;
- (e) The effect of such withdrawal in preventing the success of the operation as a whole;
- (f) All other factors which you may consider relevant. The authority to withdraw should normally be exercised by you only after reference to the Government of Canada but, where the exigencies of the moment do not permit such reference, you have, in deciding whether or not to exercise this authority, full discretion to take such action as you consider advisable after considering all the circumstances as above.

While these instructions were in preparation, a special matter related to them was discussed by the Canadian military authorities overseas with General Montgomery and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (General Brooke). It arose out of a relatively small incident, the visit of General Eisenhower to the 3rd Canadian Division on 13 May. No intimation of this visit to the Division, which, of course, was not under his operational command, was made to General Crerar until he heard of it from the Division itself that morning. The Army Commander accordingly wrote General Stuart at C.M.-H.Q. remarking that under existing conditions there was "certainly a tendency on the part of SHAEF and HQ 21 Army Group" to forget the special position of Canada. Describing the incident, he wrote, "I do not propose to make an issue of this, but it would be very desirable if the proper procedure in these matters could be clarified on the political level, and explained to SHAEF, while our Prime Minister is now here. If the special position of the Commander, First Canadian Army, is not understood at the outset, I can see further and more embarrassing incidents occurring in the future."

As a result, after further consultation with Crerar, Stuart wrote the Chief of the Imperial General Staff on 18 May referring to the incident and making the following comment:

As you know I am not anxious to tie any strings to Canadian Formations co-operating with those of the U. K. or the U. S. There is one string, however, that we must insist upon and that is the right of reference to the Canadian Government of our senior commander in any theatre. The corollary to this is that in the Western European theatre of operations, Harry Crerar serves, in a sense, in a dual capacity. He commands the First Canadian Army and he is also the Canadian national representative in respect to all Canadian Formations and Units serving operationally in that theatre even though some may not be under his operational command. This dual role is inescapable because the Canadian Government quite rightly holds the senior Canadian Commander in any theatre responsible for all Canadian Formations and Units employed operationally in that theatre . . .

I hope you do not misunderstand me. As you know Harry and I and the whole Canadian Army have complete confidence in the commanders concerned. All I ask is that Harry's responsibility for all Canadians in the theatre, whether under his actual command or not, be recognized by 21 Army Group and by SHAEF. The application of this recognition would not involve any interference in the normal chain of command, it would merely call for consultation in the pre-planning stage . . .

On 25 May General Stuart had a long talk with General Montgomery, and subsequently he received a personal letter from Montgomery which included the following passage:

We all want to win the war as soon as we can. I admit the right of Crerar to refer any point to

"Crocker declined to carry out the orders . . . Crerar asked him to put his views in writing"

his Government, whenever he likes — through you I presume.

I admit that Crerar is responsible for the general welfare and administration of all Canadian troops in the theatre of war.

I do not admit that Crerar has any operational responsibility for Canadian troops serving temporarily in another army.

I do not admit that Crerar has any special right to be consulted by me when making my plans for battle — apart from the normal consultation I would have with my Army Commanders at any time.

Stuart was disposed to accept this situation, but Crerar felt that the principle involved should be maintained. He added, however, that he had great faith in Montgomery as a military leader and did not believe that any trouble would ever arise in practice. Crerar's letter on the subject concluded, "To sum the matter up, while I consider that you will need definitely to maintain the principle of Canadian autonomy in your intended exchange of views with the CIGS, and to indicate that, in the last resort, my responsibility to the Cdn. Government for the employment of all Cdn. troops in 21 Army Group cannot be questioned, you would be quite safe to assure him that I have no intentions of allowing that autonomy, and that special responsibility of the Cdn. Comd., to endanger a military situation, or to cause bad personal and professional relations between Monty and myself."

On 16 June, after further detailed consultation with Crerar, Stuart again wrote the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, referring to General Montgomery's views and the Canadians' disagreement with them. The last paragraphs of his letter ran:

4. I think that the difficulty mainly arises from Montgomery's interpretation of "operational responsibility," which to him means that Crerar would require to be consulted, and to approve, orders issued by another Commander to Canadian troops not under Crerar's command. This, of course, would be quite impossible, and the last thing Crerar would desire, or accept. At the same time, any Canadian Formation Commander, temporarily serving under other higher command, has the right to, and indeed by Government instructions must, appeal through Crerar, to C-in-C 21 Army Group if such Canadian Formation Commander considers that the demands made on him and his troops are, beyond doubt, improper, and remedial action has been refused. In this national sense, and in this very remote contingency, Crerar has an "operational responsibility" from which he will not be released by the Canadian Government.

5. Crerar does not expect to be consulted more than any other Army Commander as regards operational plans, but the Canadian Government does expect Crerar to be consulted prior to any regrouping of Canadian Formations which would result in their detachment from Canadian command. In practice, no issue should ever arise because Crerar will have an opportunity to discuss any particular Canadian issues during what Montgomery describes as "normal consultation."

6. For the reasons I have given, I feel that issues will never really arise between the C-in-C 21 Army Group and the Canadian Army Commander even though the former tends to "turn a blind eye" to the latter's separate national responsibilities. In the circumstances, therefore, I do not press that these constitutional points be now clarified with Montgomery. He has immense military responsibilities at this time and nothing should be done to "take his eye off the ball." I do consider it important, however, that there should be no misunderstanding between the War Office and C.M.H.Q., at any time, concerning the relationships and responsibilities of the Canadian Commander—hence this letter.

In reply, Sir Alan Brooke thanked General Stuart for "the very practical outlook which you have taken in approaching the case" and added, "I feel quite confident that no difficulties should arise, but should you feel that at any time there was a danger of a misunderstanding please let me know at once."

Here the matter stood, the Canadian position having been made quite clear.

The expectations of Generals Crerar and Stuart were

fully realized. The right of reference remained purely theoretical. No use was ever made of it during the campaign in northwest Europe.



At noon on 23 July Headquarters First Canadian Army became operational, though as yet it had no Canadian divisions under its command. It took over at that moment the front held by Lieut.-General J. T. Crocker's 1st British Corps, between the Caen-Mézidon railway and the Channel. Its task had been defined in General Montgomery's directive of 21 July. In accordance with this directive, General Crerar on 22 July sent General Crocker a letter of instruction covering these operations. It ran in part as follows:

3. The immediate task of First Cdn. Army . . . is to advance its left flank Eastwards so that Ouistreham will cease to be under close enemy observation and fire, and so that use can then be made of the Port of Caen. This operation will be carried out by I Corps . . .

Mention has been made of the inherent difficulty of General Crerar's position at this time. Although he had seen much active service in the First World War, his battle experience in the Second, at the time when he took command of the Army, had been limited to a few weeks commanding the 1st Canadian Corps in Italy on a front which at that moment was quiet. Crocker, on the other hand, while he had not had very lengthy experience of high command in action, had commanded an armored brigade in France in 1940 and the 9th Corps during a good part of the Tunisian campaign of 1942-43. These circumstances may have contributed to producing the incident which now took place.

On the morning of 24 July General Crerar, accompanied by his Chief of Staff (Brigadier C. C. Mann), visited the Headquarters of the 1st British Corps to discuss the forthcoming limited enterprise. To Crerar's considerable astonishment, Crocker began by saying that, so far as he was concerned, the operation was "not on." He did not consider that relieving the Caen Canal from close observation and fire would accomplish anything, since most of the enemy's observation was from the high ground east of the Dives. A limited advance would be useless, and (as Crerar had remarked) no resources were available for a large-scale operation. Crocker said that the attack he had been instructed to make would cause 500 or 600 casualties and achieve nothing of value. He did not propose to undertake any active operations beyond clearing up the situation around Troarn. He went on to describe the condition of his divisions, and said that apart from other factors he had no troops fit or available for the task he had been given. To state the matter succinctly, he declined to carry out the orders he had received. General Crerar asked him to put his views in writing so that they could be accurately represented to the Army Group Commander. Since there seemed to be no object in discussing the matter further, Crerar then ended the conversation.

Later in the day the Army Commander duly received from Crocker the letter he had requested, and immediately sent a copy of it to General Montgomery, along with a memorandum of the morning's discussion. Crocker, he said, had given him the impression "that he resented being placed under my command and receiving any directive from me." Crerar proceeded, "I do not know whether this attitude is personal, or because of the fact that I am a Canadian—but it certainly showed itself." Convinced that Crocker would never "play up" as one of his subordinates, he asked Montgomery to transfer him to the 12th or the 30th British Corps and put one of the commanders of those corps (Generals Ritchie and Bucknall) in his place. Crerar knew both these officers and was certain that either would work well with him.

The following day Montgomery invited Crerar to visit him and discuss the problem. He was "very friendly and helpful," but suggested that the situation had been caused by the manner in which Crerar had handled an operational requirement with "a somewhat difficult subordinate" who had just come under his command. Crocker was "the type of man who required to be induced to see your plan rather than ordered to carry it out." He felt that it was impossible to accede to Crerar's request to transfer Crocker, because not only would this mean in effect that two corps staffs would have to be interchanged

at a difficult moment, but it was also probable that at some future time Crocker's corps would in any case have to be put under the First Canadian Army. Crerar said that, while still convinced that Crocker's temperament and outlook made him unsuitable to be one of his corps commanders, he was prepared to "go more than half-way in order to make the present organization a going concern."

Montgomery then suggested that Crerar send for Crocker and go over the problem again. Crerar replied that while he did not intend to maintain his personal views to the extent of interfering with operations, "it was no use me talking to General Crocker unless he was prepared to accept me wholeheartedly, without any restriction, as his operational Army Commander." He asked Montgomery to see Crocker, straighten out the relationship in his mind, and confirm to him that what was wanted was the clearance of Ouistreham and the Caen Canal from close observation and fire as stated in Montgomery's directive and in Crerar's based upon it. General Montgomery then said that he would have General Crocker report to him the following day at 9 a.m. and would make the situation clear to him. He suggested that Crerar and Crocker could get together later that day "with the air cleared and good prospects of mutual understanding."

On these lines the matter was settled. General Crocker duly visited General Crerar at his headquarters the following evening and the proposed operations were discussed, evidently in a more amicable manner than before.

The relationship with General Crocker and his headquarters which seemed to have begun so badly developed in a much more satisfactory manner than might have been expected, and the 1st British Corps operated under the First Canadian Army through the weeks and months that followed without any serious friction and with, apparently, steadily increasing mutual regard. When the 1st Corps finally left First Canadian Army in March 1945 there was a warmly friendly exchange of letters between General Crocker and the Army Commander.



At the beginning of September General Crerar had his only serious difficulty during the campaign with the Commander-in-Chief of the 21st Army Group. Apart from other circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that the trouble should have arisen at this particular moment. Field-Marshal Montgomery had just ceased to be the *de facto* ground commander of the Allied forces. He found himself in disagreement both with the new command organization set up by General Eisenhower and with Eisenhower's conception of the next phase of operations; and he was accordingly deeply involved in a controversy with the Supreme Commander which was to go on for several weeks.

The Crerar-Montgomery difficulties began on 2 September. On the morning of the 1st, presumably as a result of his consultation with General Crerar the previous day, General Simonds gave his divisional commanders a directive for continuance of the pursuit on the axis Abbeville—St. Omer—Ypres. On reaching the line of the Somme, the Polish Armored Division was to advance through Hesdin—St. Omer—Ypres, keeping in touch with the armored formations of the Second British Army on its right. The 3rd Canadian Infantry Division on reaching Le Tréport would destroy or capture all enemy in the triangle Le Tréport—St. Valéry-sur-Somme—Abbeville and continue to advance up the coast on the axis Abbeville—Montreuil—Boulogne—Calais—Dunkirk. The 4th Canadian Armored Division was to reorganize east of Abbeville, while the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division would reorganize in the Dieppe area "ready to pass through 3 Cdn. Inf. Div. when ordered"; both these divisions were thus to have a period of rest.

This arrangement was not acceptable to Montgomery. On the evening of 2 September he signaled Crerar:

PERSONAL FOR ARMY COMMANDER FROM C IN C.
SECOND ARMY ARE NOW POSITIONED NEAR THE BELGIAN FRONTIER AND WILL GO THROUGH TOWARD BRUSSELS TOMORROW. IT IS VERY NECESSARY THAT YOUR TWO ARMED DIVS. SHOULD PUSH FORWARD WITH ALL SPEED TOWARD ST. OMER AND BEYOND. NOT REPEAT NOT CONSIDER THIS THE TIME FOR ANY DIV. TO HALT FOR MAINTENANCE. PUSH ON QUICKLY.

General Crerar, evidently considering that a matter of some Canadian importance was at stake, and perhaps

somewhat nettled by the fact that the arrangement by which the British armor was to move down the Somme to Abbeville had not been carried out, replied:

PERSONAL FOR C IN C FROM CDN. ARMY CMD.

... DELIGHTED TO LEARN THAT SECOND ARMY IS NOW POSITIONED NEAR BELGIAN FRONTIER BUT WOULD ADVISE YOU THAT UNTIL LATE THIS AFTERNOON SECOND ARMY TROOPS HAVE NOT BEEN WITHIN FIVE MILES ABBEVILLE AND THAT ALL BRIDGES R SOMME NE [?NW] PICQUIGNY BLOWN WITH ENEMY IN CONSIDERABLE STRENGTH HOLDING NORTH BANK. WITH ASSISTANCE FLANK ATTACK 4 BRIT. ARMD. BDE. FROM DIRECTION PICQUIGNY AND POLISH ARMD. DIV. ATTACKING ABBEVILLE ACROSS R. SOMME FROM SOUTH SIMONDS HOPED SECURE CROSSING TONIGHT.

NOT A CASE OF MORE DIVS. ON LINE R. SOMME BUT OF SECURING AT LEAST ONE MAIN ROUTE CROSSING OF RIVER. IN ANY EVENT 2 CDN. INF. DIV. BNS. DOWN TO AVERAGE STRENGTH 525 AND IN MY OPINION A FORTY-EIGHT-HOUR HALT QUITE ESSENTIAL IN ORDER IT CAN ABSORB APPROX ONE THOUSAND REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING TODAY.

YOU CAN BE ASSURED THAT THERE IS NO LACK OF PUSH OR OF RATIONAL SPEED CDN. ARMY. ST. OMER AND BEYOND WILL BE REACHED WITHOUT ANY AVOIDABLE DELAY.

In these circumstances a relatively small matter the next day led to what may be called a tiff.

On 3 September the 2nd Division held ceremonial observances at Dieppe, General Crerar being present on the invitation of the divisional commander. In the morning religious services were held in the cemetery where the Canadians who fell in the 1942 raid were buried; and early in the afternoon there was a formal march-past of most of the Division's formations and units. General Crerar took the salute. On the afternoon of 2 September Crerar had received a message from Montgomery instructing him to meet him at 1 p.m. the next day at the tactical headquarters of the Second Army. As its phrasing indicated a personal meeting rather than a formal conference, and as no new operational situation had arisen on the Canadian Army front since his last meeting with the C.-in-C. on the afternoon of the 1st, Crerar replied as follows:

UNLESS OPERATIONAL SITUATION REQUIRES MY ARRIVAL TAC. BRIT. ARMY AT 1300 HRS. TOMORROW WOULD APPRECIATE IF MEETING COULD TAKE PLACE LATER SAY 1700 HRS. HAVE ARRANGED BE PRESENT FORMAL RELIGIOUS SERVICE AND PARADE ELEMENTS 2 CDN. INF. DIV. AT DIEPPE COMMENCING ABOUT NOON TOMORROW AND FROM CANADIAN POINT OF VIEW DESIRABLE I SHOULD DO SO. WILL HOWEVER CONFORM YOUR WISHES. ADVICE REQUIRED.

Early next morning Crerar left his headquarters to meet Simonds to discuss future operations. There had so far been no message from the C.-in-C. He therefore instructed his Chief of Staff to communicate to 2nd Corps headquarters by radiotelephone, in clear, the gist of any reply which might be received. In the event of radio being unreliable, the message would be sent by an aircraft.

Up to the moment of his leaving 2nd Corps by air for Dieppe, Crerar had still received no reply. He therefore decided to go on with his own arrangements, assuming that Montgomery had met his request for a change in the hour of the meeting. However, at approximately 2.40 p.m., when the troops of the 2nd Division were about to commence their "march-past" in Dieppe, Crerar was handed a message from his Chief of Staff originating at 1.30 p.m. to the effect that the C.-in-C. had advised that it was essential he attend the meeting at 1 p.m. As it was no longer possible to comply, he completed his part in the Dieppe ceremonial and then flew to Tactical Headquarters Second Army. The meeting was long over. It turned out to have been a formal conference of the Commanders-in-Chief of the 21st and 12th Army Groups with the commanders of the First U.S. and Second British Armies, with himself supposed to be present. Crerar recorded next day that he had learned from General Dempsey that "apart from the breach in the formality, no operational disadvantages had resulted, as the discussion centred entirely on questions concerning actions and reactions of First U.S. Army and Second Brit. Army in the immediate and longer-term future." Having seen Dempsey, he drove to Field-Marshal Montgomery's headquarters a couple of miles away and had an interview with Montgomery in his caravan, which Crerar recorded as follows:

On reaching the caravan, the Field Marshal addressed me abruptly, asking me why I had not turned up at the meeting, in accordance with his

instructions. I kept myself under control and briefly, with occasional interruptions, gave him the explanation. The C.-in-C. intimated that he was not interested in my explanation — that the Canadian aspect of the Dieppe ceremonial was of no importance compared to getting on with the war, that he had checked through his signals and determined that my Tac. HQ had received a message from him at 0615 hrs. that morning, instructing me to keep the appointment and that, even if I had not received it, then in default of other agreed arrangements, I should have made it my business to be present.

I replied to the C.-in-C. that I could not accept this attitude and judgment on his part. I had carried out my responsibilities as one of his two Army Comds., and as the Cdn. Army Cmd., in what I considered to be a reasonable and intelligent way, in the light of the situation as I knew it, or appreciated it. I had found him, in the past, reasonable in his treatment of me and I had assumed that this situation would continue to prevail. The request in my message, for postponement of the hour of our meeting, had been fully explanatory and, I thought, tactful. I had thought it would have been acceptable to him. I had, as previously explained, a definite responsibility to my Government and country which, at times, might run counter to his own wishes. There was a powerful Canadian reason why I should have been present with 2 Cdn. Inf. Div. at Dieppe that day. In fact, there were 800 reasons—the Canadian dead buried at Dieppe cemetery. I went on to say that he should realize, by our considerable association, that I was neither self-opinionated, nor unreasonable, but that, also, I would never consent to be "pushed about" by anyone, in a manner, or direction, which I knew to be wrong.

The Field Marshal reiterated that I had failed to comply with an instruction issued by him and that such situation could only result in his decision that our ways must part. I replied that I assumed he would at once take this up through higher channels and that, I, in turn, would at once report the situation to my Government.

At this point Montgomery, to Crerar's surprise, said that the incident was now closed. The Army Commander replied that he did not want it closed and "desired that it be properly ventilated through official channels." After some further discussion, Montgomery again said that he wished to consider the matter closed and proceeded to give Crerar the gist of what had happened at the conference, none of which had any direct bearing on the operations previously assigned to the First Canadian Army. The final paragraph of General Crerar's

memorandum of the affair runs as follows:

In conclusion, I must state that I received the impression, at the commencement of the interview, that the C.-in-C. was out to eliminate, forcefully, from my mind that I had any other responsibilities than to him. The Canadian ceremony at Dieppe was not of his ordering, nor to his liking. It had been the cause of an interference with an instruction which he had separately issued to me — to meet him at a certain time and place. As the interview proceeded, and he found that I would not retreat from the stand I had taken — that I had a responsibility to Canada as well as to the C.-in-C. — he decided to "consider the matter closed." It was not a willing decision, nor one that I can assume will be maintained. However, though our relations have obviously been strained, I trust that the situation is temporary and I shall do what I can to ease them, though without departing from what I consider it my duty to do, or not to do, in my capacity as a Canadian.

Montgomery's displeasure was doubtless reflected in a passage in his daily report to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff sent this day to the effect that the First Canadian Army's operations since crossing the Seine had been "badly handled and very slow." However, a few days later, when Crerar sent him details of the handling of his message (indicating that it was not received at Tactical H.Q. First Canadian Army until 10.20 a.m. on the 3rd and was further delayed by deciphering and being passed on to Main H.Q. where the Chief of Staff dealt with it), Montgomery wrote him a conciliatory note:

I am sorry I was a bit rude the other day, and somewhat outspoken. I was annoyed that no one came to a very important conference.

But forget about it—and let us get on with the war.

It was my fault.

There the matter ended, though it seems likely that coolness persisted until General Crerar's departure for England for medical treatment towards the end of the month. There is some reason to believe that at this period Montgomery would have welcomed a permanent change in the command of the Army. However, when Crerar returned to his command the affair had apparently been forgotten. Relations between the two commanders were unruffled thereafter to the end of the campaign. ★



The Official History of the Canadian Army in the Second World War is published by the Queen's Printer, Ottawa. Volume III, The Victory Campaign, can be purchased from the Superintendent of Publications, The Queen's Printer, Ottawa, for \$4. Volume I, Six Years of War, and Volume II, The Canadians in Italy, cost \$3.50 each. The set is \$10.

Defeated German officer and his captor show equal weariness after the fall of Caen.



W O O R D S Gilbey's Gin N

What your voice reveals about you continued from page 21

"A person is invariably shocked when he hears his own voice on a record"

ially individual that we can scarcely imagine Churchill with the voice of Hitler, Charles Boyer with the voice of Fred Allen, or Nathan Cohen with the voice of Foster Hewitt. We instantly recognize a familiar voice, and even Rawhide can't fool his own children by disguising his voice on the telephone.

Why has each person a different voice? Do the pitch and volume and quality of your voice depend on your physical constitution or your temperament? Do you speak in a certain way because you were born with certain vocal equipment, or because you copied your parents?

Your body, your disposition and the family and society in which you grew up all influence the way you talk. The limitations of your voice are set by physical factors: the size and shape of your head, chest, larynx and vocal cords; the speed with which your muscles work; your powers of discrimination of pitch, loudness, tone and rhythm; and such special physiological problems as deafness, brain damage and other results of illness or injury. So it naturally follows that a tiny woman with a small larynx and thin, short vocal cords will have a voice less deep and powerful than a barrel-chested man with long heavy vocal cords.

Within these physical limits, the way you use your voice reflects your temperament and background. Shrillness often reveals tension and insecurity, and a flat, listless tone may echo a dull mind. Even passing moods — embarrassment, boredom, exhilaration — are subtly communicated by hesitation or a false emphasis. And, most important of all, from infancy you model your voice on those you hear. This is why children often sound uncannily like their parents — so much so that a young man telephoning his girl may blush to find himself whispering affectionate nothings to her mother.

The fact that your voice is largely shaped by habit and imitation means that you can make major changes in the way you speak, either by deliberate training or by unconsciously changing your personality. Any change in you is likely to be accompanied by a change in your voice, and changing your voice may affect your personality.

Jan Chamberlain, a speech teacher in Toronto, says, "People make the mistake of taking their voices for granted. Barring any physical defect, which is really rare, any human being can improve his voice, and this can sometimes change his life completely."

Authorities agree that the best way for anyone to speak is in his own natural voice, pitched near the bottom of its normal range and freed of intrusive mannerisms and psychological distortions. They define a bad voice as one that seems unsuitable for the speaker's age, sex, occupation and surroundings, draws attention away from the content of his speech, sounds unpleasant or is difficult to understand.

"The object of teaching is not to create a standard voice but rather to develop the voice suited to each personality. Ideally anyone who has learned to speak well shouldn't sound as if he'd been taught," says Esme Crampton, the theatrical teacher.

Most speech teachers begin by explaining how your voice is produced. Just behind your Adam's apple are the vocal

cords, two membranous folds less than an inch long, stretched across your larynx from front to back. As you breathe, they alternately open and close to allow your breath to pass through freely. When you speak, they come tightly together and dam up your breath, which forces them to vibrate. Their rate of vibration depends on the supply of breath from your lungs and on the action of the muscles in your larynx. When the vocal cords are tightened they vibrate rapidly, and the pitch of your voice rises; when they are slackened they vibrate slowly and the pitch falls. A stronger blast of air tautens the vocal cords and sends the pitch of your voice up, and so it rises as you talk more loudly unless you compensate by relaxing your vocal cords.

The quality of your voice also depends on the way it reverberates in the hollow spaces of your throat and head. The tone is amplified as it passes through these spaces and resonates against the teeth, hard palate and bony structures of your head, which act as sounding boards. If your breath resonates too freely in your nose, your voice has a nasal twang; if it bypasses your nose entirely, you speak in the blocked denasal fashion of someone with a heavy cold.

The only way you can hear your voice as other people hear it is by listening to a good stereophonic recording of it. It will sound higher and flatter than the one you normally hear which doubles back through the bony chambers in your head to your ears, gaining depth and resonance. Miss McGeachy says, "I've never yet played a tape recording to a person who wasn't very shocked to hear his own voice."

Since no two people are physically identical, no two voices are ever exactly alike. Each baby in a maternity ward has his own distinctive voice, and within a few months he learns to babble jargon

in imitation of sounds he hears around him, including the ones he makes himself. Long before he knows words he develops conversational rhythms and gestures. True speech usually appears between twelve and eighteen months.

Since we learn mainly by imitation, children without human models never learn to talk. Anthropologists have encountered several such people, including Lucas, the baboon boy of Africa, Kamala, the wolf girl of India, and Tamasha, an eight-year-old boy found in a Central American jungle. Domestic pets, on the other hand, tend to develop a range of sounds much less monotonous than the howling and barking of wild animals. Dr. William H. Perkins, of the University of Southern California, once recorded the voice of a talking dog and played it to hundreds of speech students, none of whom suspected that the voice wasn't human. The dog was a Boston bull, the cherished pet of a woman who lived alone and talked constantly to him while she fed him and played with him. Because human sounds meant pleasure, he learned to imitate them although he had no idea of symbols and could only reproduce tones. In the same way, budgies and mynahs learn to speak when they focus affection on their human teacher.

As children grow, their vocal cords grow longer and their voices deepen. The voice organs share the spurt of growth that comes at puberty: a boy's larynx grows much larger and his vocal cords increase by about a third of their original length, while a girl's larynx grows longer and her vocal cords grow slightly longer and much thicker. These changes occur so suddenly that the muscles that control the voice usually take a few months to catch up, and during this period most boys and some girls find their voices quavering unpredictably. Some children are so embarrassed by these breaks that they speak in a guarded monotone and never develop their full range. Others continue to have high-pitched voices that break in moments of excitement all their lives. "These are typically tall thin people who suddenly grew several inches at the beginning of their teens," says Dr. Godfrey of the University of Toronto.

James Hickling, of Canadian Personnel Consultants, says, "Voice is one of the things that teenagers are uneasy about. The teenage world intensifies the situation of the adult world and physical things are much more stressed. Teenagers usually have something they feel inferior about, and often it's the way they talk."

In Canada, an estimated three hundred thousand people suffer from speech disorders serious enough to warrant treatment. The proportion of men is higher than women, especially among stutterers, partly because men deviate farther from the norm than women in all characteristics, and partly because most parents expect boys to talk as quickly and as well as girls who actually mature more rapidly.

Psychological difficulties and bad habits picked up through imitation account for seventy-five percent of all serious speech disorders and for practically all the unpleasant qualities that mar otherwise normal voices. About one speech disorder in four has an organic cause such as brain damage, deafness, cleft palate or some condition of the larynx.



THE PROFESSIONS: 19 The Librarian

Librarians within their cloister
Are the pearls inside the oyster:
Or, in literary terms,
Bookkeepers for the Diet of Worms.

While helping other bibliolovers
To find romance between the covers,
She must beware lest she herself
Be left undusted on the shelf.

Mavor Moore

"Even these organic problems carry with them psychological problems because people treat you differently if your voice is strange, and you react accordingly," Miss McGeachy says. "Now we begin speech therapy within twenty-four hours after a stroke or an accident, before the psychological reactions start."

"The frustration and anxiety that result from a speech defect often build an additional emotional handicap which doubles the speech defective's burden," says Dr. Charles Van Piper, director of the speech clinic at Western Michigan College of Education.

The most mysterious of all speech impediments is stuttering. Some specialists think that certain people are stuttering-prone, predisposed to react to stress by stuttering as others react by developing asthma, migraine or high blood pressure. Others, led by Dr. Wendell Johnson who has studied stuttering at the University of Iowa for twenty-five years, believe that children begin to "stutter" only when parents criticize them for hesitations and repetitions that are quite natural about the age of three.

Other psychologists suspect that the stutterer is handicapped by efforts to repress drives such as sex and hostility. Professor L. E. Travis, of the University of Southern California, reporting the unfettered fantasies revealed under therapy by a group of stutterers, said, "Two colleagues doubted that human beings could possess, let alone express, such thoughts and feelings." He concludes, "Stuttering may be defined as an advertisement of strong, unconscious motives of which the stutterer is deeply ashamed."

Some people guard unwelcome thoughts in a less drastic way by speaking so softly that they can scarcely be heard. According to psychologists, a person whose speech is an inaudible murmur or a gabbled, inarticulate flood may not want to be understood because he's afraid of being contradicted if he makes positive statements.

Under great emotional stress your voice may vanish altogether. Even when its disappearance seems the natural result of laryngitis or strain, an underlying psychological problem is often its true source. A secretary in her forties came to a Toronto hospital because her voice faded to a whisper whenever she was overtired. Her doctor found that this loss was caused not by any organic condition but simply by her unhappiness. She was the oldest woman in her office, unmarried and bored with a job too small to absorb her energy. The doctor asked her to lend a hand to his other patients and as she held cards and fetched equipment she forgot her own problems and gradually regained her voice.

A loud, strident voice may indicate any number of things about the speaker. Such a person may be as arrogant and aggressive as he sounds, or he may be trying to get his share of attention like a neglected child. Or he may shout because he is deaf, because he lives or works with deaf people or because he must habitually pit his voice against the roar of crowds, traffic or machinery.

Anxiety affects your voice instantly and unmistakably. "You can always spot a nervous guest on Tabloid because he runs out of breath," Max Ferguson, of the CBC, says.

A high-strung person tends to speak quickly. According to Dr. Myron Schaeffer, of the music faculty at the University of Toronto, "The natural tempo with which one speaks is a tremendous index to character. There are two types of person who speak fast. One is the choleric, aggressive type, with a staccato voice. The

other is the sanguine type, with a light, rather high voice. Sanguine people are simple, outspoken, extroverted, flexible; they almost always agree with what you say. A slow-speaking person may be phlegmatic or melancholic. The phlegmatic type is a passive, subdued, introverted person with a soft, mellow, rather indistinct voice. The melancholic speaks in a deep voice with a falling inflection, and stubbornly repeats his own phrases and viewpoint. These types appear as national characteristics. Germans are choleric, angry energetic people who

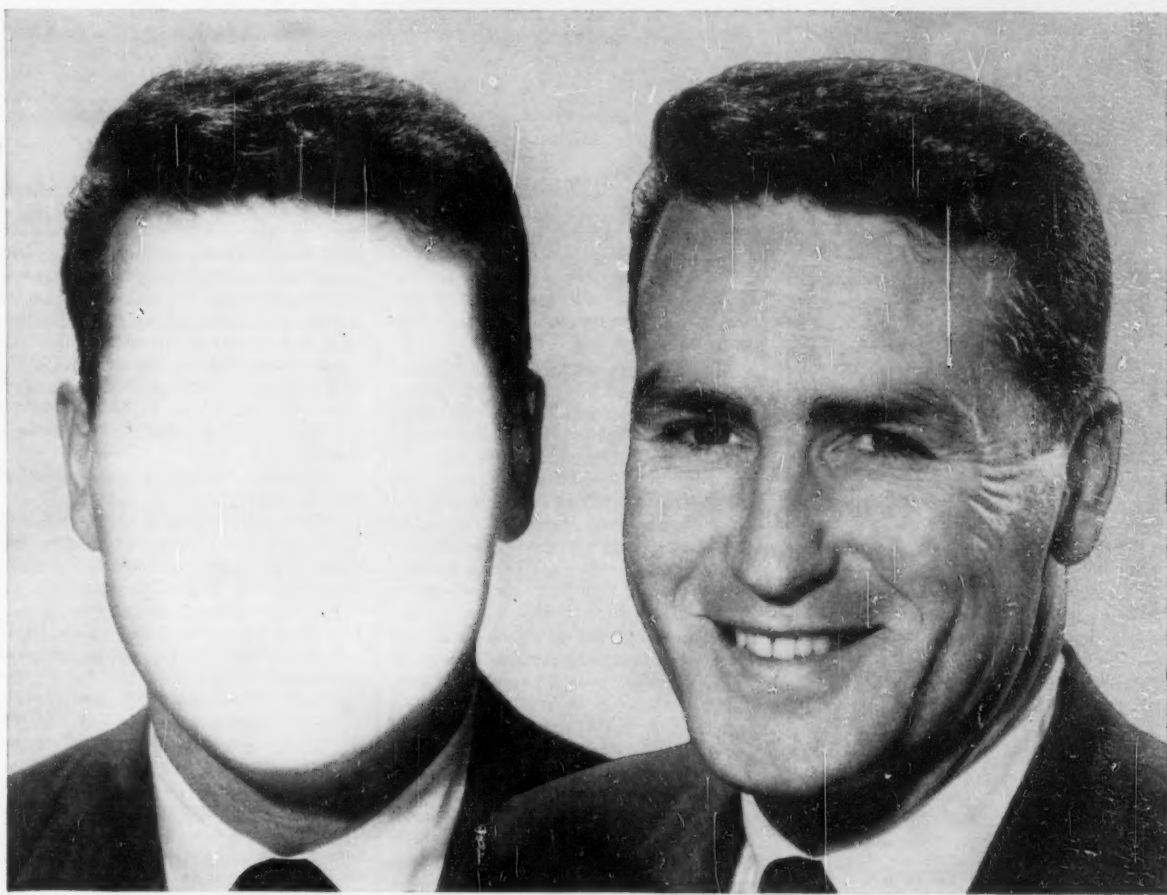
have to be out in front. Latins are sanguine, always excited about a new car, a new love affair, a new cup of coffee. The British people are phlegmatic muddle-through traditionalists. The Slavic people are melancholy folk with deep soulful voices and slow music."

However, we all use different voices in different situations, under different stresses. We answer the telephone with a remote, guarded greeting and return to our natural voice when we recognize the caller.

Your voice can win or lose jobs for

you. James Hickling says many ambitious men try to develop an "executive voice." He explains that "an executive sounds confident and determined because he is sure he'll become a leader, and he becomes a leader partly because he has this kind of voice. An indecisive voice is a real liability."

An unsuitable voice can bar you entirely from some professions. When the talkies came in, several silent-film stars like John Gilbert were dropped by their studios because their squeaky voices didn't suit their dashing appearance. Eva Lang-



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bord says, "The voice is the most important component of an actor's technical equipment. Even in a visual medium like television you notice a wrong voice in a second." Radio announcers are expected to be fluent and impersonal, and the CBC is rumored to have discouraged one who used to read the farm market reports in a suggestive voice that lent a moral significance to the phrase "good heifers" and made "undressed chickens" sound curiously indecent.

Voice training is compulsory for teachers in the lower grades in certain U.S. states such as New York because a teacher

with an unpleasant voice can't hold attention if she teaches the same class all day. Librarians use subdued tones, and doctors and nurses find a reassuring voice an asset.

Although railway announcers are traditionally a raucous breed, a girl who called the trains at Woking, Surrey, in World War II was famous for her melodious voice, which so beguiled a Canadian lieutenant that he tracked her down and married her.

Though not everyone is so susceptible to sound, we are all forever enmeshed in a web of voices that attract us, repel

us, influence us in various ways. Why do some voices please while others annoy us? Perhaps because they faintly echo people we have loved or disliked, experiences that we want to remember or forget.

Perhaps, too, our reactions spring from a deeper source. Dr. Schaeffer, of the University of Toronto, suggests, "Voices reveal a good deal about the listener as well as the speaker. You dislike voices that reveal traits to which you yourself are predisposed. If you're irritated by a whiny voice you could very easily develop one yourself." ★



A visit with Gratien Gelinas continued from page 23

"Where is the theatre audience? Watching television and movies"

Tata, asked if I was sure we had the right place. I checked, then pushed the bell for the lower right-hand apartment. Gratien Gelinas, all five-feet-four of him, swung open his door.

Gelinas is not the kind of actor whose features melt into his make-up, altering his appearance from role to role. Both Fridolin and Tit-Coq, those famous if fictional French Canadians, were there in the flesh in the resilient little man who showed us into his parlor: lank hair the color of gingery old brass; a corrugated forehead, the right eyebrow almost constantly cocked above the left; a leathery lantern jaw; a long face, melancholy, as clowns' faces are, in repose.

The room he led us into is small and carefully uncluttered, just big enough to hold a chesterfield, a couple of easy chairs, a scarred upright piano and a record player. On the music rack the score for a Liszt nocturne stood open; on the mantle, a leather-bound copy of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* beside a porcelain figure of a Chinese equestrian knight; on the record player, a pile of boxed opera recordings, from Mozart to Menotti; on the walls, four or five good but not costly Canadian paintings, including a couple by Alfred Pellon, the *chef de file* of Canadian painters; nothing else. The room, that day, was so artfully dressed it had the feel of a stage set with props carefully picked and thoughtfully placed to convey culture without ostentation.

I learned later that the Gelinas family, if they are house-proud at all, reserve their enthusiasm for their country place at Oka near Montreal. "We're lucky there — we have a vast estate with a mountain at the back and a lake in front, ideal for the boys," Simone Gelinas told me. "Hold on," Gratien broke in. "You don't realize how 'vast estate' sounds in English." He turned to me. "It's just big enough to be comfortable," he said.

For the first hour of my visit Simone Gelinas was resting in a bedroom at the rear of the apartment and the boys were away at school or at work. Gelinas had a quiet stage all to himself, and not unnaturally took command of it for a monologue on the theatre. At fifty, he says he is "midway" in his one-man-gang assault on showmanship. He explained that at the moment he was working on an English translation of Bousille; that Bousille stood a chance of repeating the extraordinary box-office success of Tit-Coq, but he wouldn't make a firm guess one way or the other; that the first thing a showman needs is an audience; and that the audience of about fifteen thou-

sand that an average Canadian play now draws isn't nearly big enough to pay a playwright to do a workmanlike job or a producer to stage a competent production. In five minutes we had moved from the front doorstep to the heart of Gelinas' angriest convictions about showmanship.

"Where is the audience?" Gelinas asked.

"Watching television and movies," Gelinas answered.

"Why?" Gelinas asked. "Because the theatre is forgetting the things that made it — suspense, passion, laughter, pathos," Gelinas answered.

For holding just these views, and putting them to work in his plays, he is called a lowbrow by some theatrical theorists. I mentioned this.

"There are people in the theatre who want to compete with television and the movies by bleeding the stage of everything but ideas," he said. "They're like a woman who thinks she can stop being attractive to her husband because another woman is doing it for her. No! This is the moment when she must make herself more seductive than ever. In the theatre, for the time being anyway, we have to forget about the brain and seduce the emotions."

What test for success?

Gelinas warms into a conversation like a marathon runner warming into a race, and by now he was in full stride. His voice is strong and able, but has none of the juicy cleverness of a "trained" voice — say a television announcer's. His ribbed forehead, his features, his shoulders and arms, his hands and fingers, all get behind his words and push.

I said, "There's a common idea in Quebec — I've heard it from French-speaking university professors and bellhops — that an ambitious French Canadian has a strike against him before he starts, no matter what he wants to do. How does this sound to you?"

Gelinas laughed. "Although I like painting and music and I read as much as I can, I dislike — in fact I refuse — to pose as an expert in the arts. If by success you mean money, that's a job for the economists."

"I know only one thing, one craft: how to stage a show. My nose is close to the earth, sniffing my own small path. But a show? A show can succeed in French or English — Tit-Coq proved that. And for myself, Montreal is where I work. New York or Paris or Hollywood, no. My ambitions are here."

Here, too, was his wife, who joined us at that moment. Standing, Simone Gelinas's smooth dark head is almost precisely level with her husband's gingery one; seated, she soon drew her legs up beneath her and curled comfortably in her chair. Her olive-toned face is shaped by a strong nose, and she wore a plain but becoming brown silk dress a shade lighter than her eyes. I asked her if she had been an actress.

Before they were married, she said, Gratien had arranged for her to play a few small roles on the ground that she should know what she was getting into, but she had never been a professional. On the contrary, the circumstances of her courtship, as she recounted them now with apparent pleasure, contrasted so absurdly with the casual mating habits usually ascribed to theatrical people that they sounded like a folk tale from another, stricter time:

A girl, Simone, who is eighteen, is taken by her mother to have tea with the mother of a young man, Gratien. His mother is impressed by the girl, and the parents arrange a party at which the two will meet. The purpose of the party is a secret, but of course the young people see through this subterfuge and are painfully self-conscious with each other. Despite their unease, within a few weeks they are informally engaged.

"That was in 1930," Gratien broke in. "I was studying, trying to find my way into show business, working in an insurance office like my father and selling shoes at night. I had to court her for five years before I could afford to marry her. She was the only girl I ever went with."

His wife smiled. "First love," she said, fondly but with a trace of mockery at the cliché.

During much of their five-year engagement they had an arrangement by which they saw each other only on Sunday nights; Gratien was "running too hard in too many directions" to spend more time on courtship. Since then the score has tipped only slightly in Simone's favor. Last spring and winter, for a characteristic season of loneliness, he moved to their country house at Oka to write *Bousille et les Justes*, a job for which he needed complete solitude. In Montreal she read, attended mass and waited. She saw her husband only on his rare trips to town, made not to visit his family but to attend to the *Comédie Canadienne's* business.

Gelinas, for his part, worked little less than twenty hours a day. "When I'm writing I stop only to eat and rest. For

food, I open cans. For rest, I've taught myself a little trick. When I'm tired I lie down and go to sleep—for ten minutes, twenty, half an hour. At Oka I lie on a couch; in the theatre I lie on the bare floor during intermission, if necessary. Anywhere."

"Like Napoleon," his wife said.

"It makes her laugh when I say I'm going to hurry up and get a fast rest," he said. "But it works." It made me laugh, too, and in the break in the conversation Gelinas slipped out to the kitchen to pour some drinks.

While he was gone his wife said softly, to herself as much as to me, "It has been hard and even painful to be so much alone. When the children were young I was always busy, but now . . . We have no time for social life; a few opening nights, now and then a movie for relaxation, a few friends we don't see enough of. Still, Saint Exupéry (a French novelist, not a canonized churchman) writes that to love is for two people to look, not at each other, but forward in the same direction."

Gelinas returned with the drinks and I asked them about their children. The eldest, Sylvie, who is twenty-three, graduated last spring from the University of Montreal. She has played bit parts in her father's productions but wants to be a writer, and is now working as a women's page reporter on Montreal's big French daily, *La Presse*. Last summer Sylvie married Bernard Sicotte, who is in his last year in the letters faculty of the U of M and who writes, directs, and plays much of the comedy material in the university's musical revues. "I told her she would have a lonely life like mine," Simone Gelinas said, "and she laughed."

The oldest boy, Michel, is twenty-two, a business administration graduate from the U of M's school of commerce and now a part-time post-graduate student in business administration at McGill. He is a sort of rotating apprentice at the *Comédie Canadienne*, where he has worked at everything from the year-end audit to hammering the tin number tags on the seats, and intends to make himself a theatre executive of a new kind, one who can handle everything from tax problems to stage lighting with a professional hand.

At twenty his brother Yves is set on a theatrical career too; he is halfway through the degree course at the Quebec Conservatory of Dramatic Art, and is a polished-enough technician to be stage manager for Bousille et Les Justes. "At the theatre I'm harder on them—more demanding—than I am on other employees," Gelinas said. "They have to earn respect by their work. They manage. Yves hasn't let anyone miss an entrance—not even a cue—in Bousille yet. Lord help him when he does."

The three younger boys are all boarders at Collège Brébeuf, a classical college just around the corner from the Gelinas' duplex. Pierre, who is seventeen, is much concerned with designing and mocking-up stage sets that are as yet, his father says, too ambitious to fit inside a theatre. Fifteen-year-old Alain is "the clown of the family. When he was five," Gelinas recalled, obviously not for the first time, "he said he was going to be an actor like father—only funny." Pascal, the youngest at thirteen, is the "family poet" and the only one of the boys who has taken his school work seriously. "A great consolation for his mother," Gelinas said, clearly hoping to draw a rebuttal that didn't come.

With several examples in mind, I asked if their father's fame had made the boys hard to handle. "They take it

pretty calmly," Simone Gelinas said. Gratiem explained that he had told the boys, early on, that he belonged to "a craft that needs fanfare and publicity to live. It is no more honorable than any other craft—only noisier."

They have used only one guideline in raising their family, a simple one: they forbid nothing. They try to demonstrate why some choices are better than others, and leave the choices to the kids. This has worked out reasonably well, although it has left them with their share of the usual problems. Pierre, for instance, tried living at home for a while early this fall but he couldn't "separate himself from the television set long enough to do some work," so he is now back at boarding school.

The apartment, while we talked, had been completely undisturbed—not a buzz from the unlisted telephone, not a murmur from a maid ("I could never keep one," Simone Gelinas had said. "Our hours are too unpredictable"), not a knock on the door. I asked her if she often saw her family together in one place, and she told me it sometimes happened that they gathered for lunch on Sunday. Gelinas saw my meaning. "We could probably arrange it next Sunday," he said hospitably, "if you'd like to come by and meet them. Make it after lunch but before I have to leave for the theatre." I said I'd enjoy meeting them, — and as it turned out, I did.

No leg room for Bernard

Sam Tata was composing a group picture when I arrived on Sunday. The starched, combed and blue-suited boys had just returned from high mass with their father, and looked it. The family resemblance among them is noticeable but not remarkable—they are all within a couple of inches of their father's five-foot-four, but the only child with his gingery hair is Sylvie, the daughter. Her husband, Bernard Sicotte, a loose-jointed six-footer who was having trouble finding leg room in the crowd, looked even longer than he is among the short Gelinas.

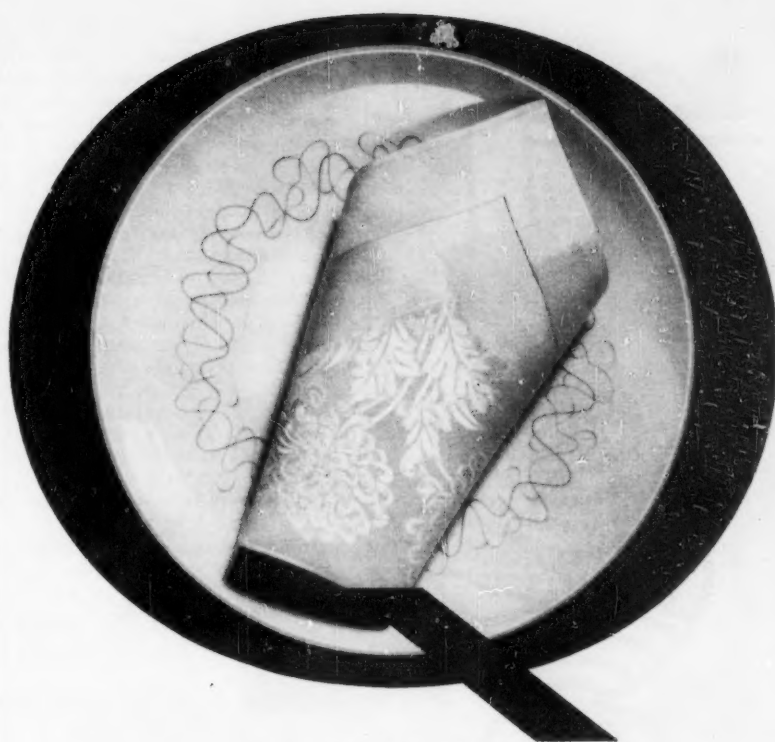
When the photographs were disposed of, I asked the three younger boys (who were clearly unwilling to make peace with either their stiff collars or the English language) if they had something more interesting to do. They bolted like flushed game and raced down the basement stairs. I followed, out of curiosity, and discovered a comfortably rumpled room, well furnished with books, that now had a movie screen on one wall, a projector near the other, and half a dozen teenagers slumped between. I had been holding up a private screening of a French feature film that Pierre, Alain and Pascal were showing some friends. For the rest of the afternoon, while we talked upstairs, the sound track rumbled below.

With the second generation of Gelinas on hand to put some youthful topspin into the conversational ball, it bounced faster than it had on our previous visit. The cues, as actors call their speeches, went something like this:

LEFOLII: The younger boys seem to speak English about as well as most Ontario schoolboys speak French—lame-ly. Have you gone out of your way to teach them English?

GELINAS: Sylvie went to Ontario three times on exchange visits. The best we could do for the boys was a subscription to *Macleans*. (Loud laughter.)

BERNARD: So far a bilingual Canadian has usually been a Canadian who speaks English. But I see some western schools are beginning to teach French as a sec-



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ond language. Maybe the walls are coming down. If they are, we have to help by tearing down our own false traditions. MICHEL: At school we study three hundred years of false history. Our books are written by brothers with a big B who make a saint out of a roisterer like Champlain and a hero out of a bandit like Dollard des Ormeaux.

BERNARD: We don't need bad nationalism like the St. Jean Baptiste Parade (a yearly display of Canadian sentiment that attracts several hundred thousand spectators in Montreal every June). We don't have to *defend* our language and our culture better, we have to *use* them better.

MICHEL: English-speaking Canada has a few false traditions of its own. Take the royalist nonsense—it means absolutely nothing to us.

SYLVIE: I think there are some new

ideas, some new excitement, among French-Canadian women, too.

SIMONE GELINAS: For us, there was love and the instinct to bear children. They taught us nothing else.

SYLVIE: We want to live our own lives, and live them while we're young.

LEFOLII: Isn't this really a matter of the church's attitude to birth control?

BERNARD: Of course. My mother was one of eighteen children. When she married, the priest told her she couldn't refuse her husband—it was a sin.

SYLVIE: But as I understand my own priest, the church is changing. The objection is only to some methods; there seems to be no objection to natural birth control. I'd like to have more than one child, but I'm not going to have more than three or four.

BERNARD: Oh. (General laughter.) In any case, it's a matter of arithmetic. No-

body can afford to raise eighteen children today in Montreal. Nobody.

GELINAS: The times are changing. Michel and Bernard are just starting in the theatre; I see for them a different theatre from the one we know. They will have to know how to mix film into stage productions, how to play to a camera for closed-circuit theatre audiences, how to handle techniques we haven't invented yet. For myself, I believe it is time I made movies in Canada. We're just at the beginning in this country.

We were back where we started, in the one place where Gratien Gelinas is really at home, in the theatre. It was time for Bernard and Sylvie to escort Simone Gelinas to mass. We left with them, and from his doorstep Gelinas called *chance*. He went back inside to look at a script before it was time to dress for the theatre. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"The old notion of Ontario-Quebec rivalry is arrant nonsense"

industrial provinces have no intention of offering a market to the Maritimes comparable to the enclave created in the whole of Canada for the products of Ontario and Quebec. The old-fangled notion that these two provinces are bitter enemies, stemming from their racial and religious differences is arrant nonsense. The two are bound together in Canada's most successful partnership. The dollar has neither religious scruples nor racial origin. It is even printed bilingually.

The classic example every Maritimer raises in any discussion of what the tariff does to him is the cost of his automobile. When I mention this item in Toronto or Montreal, I am immediately informed that it is "old hat," that everybody in Canada pays one third more for his car than his neighbor south of the border does and that we do it to keep the automotive industry going. The topic is not old hat in Pugwash, however, because in Pugwash, Amherst or Halifax an automobile costs considerably more than it does in Toronto or Montreal. A car costing slightly more than \$3,000 in Montreal sells for \$3,140 in Halifax. In Corner Brook, Nfld., the price is even higher. This makes the old hat a tight fit, as the Maritimer's income is just about one third lower than the over-all Canadian average. Obviously the man needs a new hat.

The essential point in the automobile argument is not that all Canadians pay too much for their cars, however, but that no reason exists for the Atlantic people to do so. They are trapped in the economic thralldom of Confederation. Remove the enforced necessity of buying in Oshawa or Oakville and the Atlantic coast customer will be able to buy the American car of his choice at just about Boston prices. The car now selling in Halifax for \$3,140 could then be bought for about \$2,500. He could probably buy in the British market at even more advantageous figures and bring in a car sans any of the imposts which now confront it—amounting to a minimum of 17½ percent over the British retail price.

From conversations with men associated with the British steel industry, I am convinced that Cape Breton ingot could be sold in the United Kingdom in the economic climate which would result from a breakaway by the Maritime prov-

inces. Britain would import Nova Scotia steel, using Newfoundland's Wabana ore, in exchange for free access to the Atlantic provinces market for a variety of steel-content goods, including automobiles, which are not produced in the area. I am positive it can be sold in other world markets.

But a grave problem confronts Cape Breton steel within the existing Canadian framework. The Sydney operation is now controlled by A. V. Roe, through the operating company, Dosco. The difficulty of competing in the inland domestic market from mills one thousand miles away has resulted in the building by Dosco of huge rolling mills at Contrecoeur, near Montreal. At the outset, basic steel will still be made at Sydney and shipped to the new mills for finishing. But if this should not effectively establish a favorable competitive position, *vis à vis* Algoma and Steel of Canada, then the Nova Scotia steel masters will move to Contrecoeur, lock, stock and blast furnace. If that happens, God help Cape Breton—and Newfoundland, too. And Dosco's president has given clear warning that it may "unless new markets are found."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

Darling, when I've started feeling
That more understanding's due me,
I will not thank you for revealing
Merely that you see right through me!

Thomas Usk



Such factors make clear to me that the Atlantic region urgently needs a government that will grapple with the problem of steel now, not when the ultimate crisis occurs. If the existing form and practices of Confederation continue, no matter which party reigns in Ottawa when this crisis occurs, nothing will be done to resolve the problem until it is beyond repair. Then some brilliant character will invent a new temporary "solution" and win an election as Benefactor of The Maritimes. Either the inland politicians who run this country do not understand the nature of the Atlantic problem, or they are bemused by what they still fondly imagine is free enterprise. The catch phrase apparently means that government must never intervene in any sick "business" situation until the patient's condition is virtually hopeless.

Consider coal. Or perhaps coal is old hat, too. When I talk to other Upper Canadians about it, their favorite gambit is to point to the thirteen million dollars Ottawa paid to producers in 1958 to subsidize the hauling of Maritime coal as far as Levis, Que., of all places. At Levis the fuel is deemed by Ottawa to be "competitive" in the central provinces with coal from the U.S., but unfortunately it is not, except possibly in the eastern extremity of the industrial belt. The U.S. continues to pour coal into Ontario at a rate of a million tons a month, over a flimsy tariff of fifty cents a ton. Bituminous coals, comparable to the Maritime product, are imported at a rate of more than ten million tons a year. Obviously neither oil nor natural gas has destroyed the Maritimes' coal market. Ontario and Quebec have performed the slaughter, with magnificent assistance from whoever has happened to hold the federal power from time to time. Ottawa just daren't risk the wrath of Ontario (and the U.S. perhaps) by putting American soft coals under quota, by raising the tariff steeply, or by closing the border—all of which methods have been used by Uncle Sam when one of his industries screams that it is being murdered by Canada. It does not seem to occur to Ottawa that to use Canadian coal first, under such tariff protection as may be required, would assist our precarious trade imbalance with the U.S.

That thirteen million dollars in freight

subsidies is actually taxpayers' money down the drain because it doesn't amount to enough to get the coal to market and sell it. Shippers have hopelessly hauled coal to the St. Lawrence and stockpiled it. At the very best they are managing to sell about four million tons a year, almost entirely east of the Ontario border.

In Toronto and Montreal we derive a sense of virtue from calling attention to the subsidies the Maritimes collect. It never occurs to us that every industry in the factory belt that enjoys a high tariff is a subsidized industry. The truth is that the Atlantic provinces alone pay far more money per year to subsidize inland industries through tariffs than what they receive to help bolster either their economy or regional government services. This is the heart of the matter.

Admittedly I stand in error, *vis-à-vis* the copybook economists when we talk about coal. To most of these gentlemen the miner is a statistic and, in the lump, a graph. To me—because I have seen the appalling destitution of the coal towns—the miner is a human being, with a wife and children, but no job, who long since became ineligible for further unemployment benefits. Dare anyone suggest that the fate of the coal industry could be worse under an Atlantic government than has been the case in Confederation? A government with the interests of these two million people at heart obviously would lose the subsidies which fail to subsidize. But I submit that it would find a way to use Atlantic coal in more thermal-power plants, and that it would subsidize the export of coal into world markets, where use of coal is growing. Considering the constantly increasing uses of coal in the content of new products, such a government might be expected to go all out in research, a field in which the lag has been unforgivable. This could result in an influx of new industries to the coal fields—but not after all the mines are closed and the sea has poured in.

Where Ottawa has failed

A national Atlantic government would benefit the region in many other ways. It would create its own tax structure. In a region in which it is much more difficult for either a corporation or an individual to earn a dollar than is the case elsewhere in Canada, the Maritimer cannot operate from the same tax base as a man or a company in, say, Kitchener, Ont.—an argument which Ottawa regards as "frivolous." It would create its own currency and no longer be the prisoner of the Bank of Canada, which has paid no attention to the argument that "tight" and expensive money doesn't make sense in a region in which no inflationary pressures exist. It would establish its own banking system and rules governing insurance and other fiduciary institutions. I would not even hazard a guess as to how much money has been scooped out of the Atlantic region by the money barons of Toronto and Montreal over the years, but the figures would be interesting to ponder, especially if those of investment from those two great money towns were set forth in an adjoining column.

What has Ottawa failed to do, and in some cases even to study? I am not talking about the "broken promises" of Confederation, but of the urgent needs of today. It has failed to overhaul a transportation system that creaks; railroads which literally saved Canada's industrial life in World War II, ferry services which are utterly inadequate for immediate

needs, harbor equipment which is insufficient and substandard. The existing freight-rate structure blocks the way to the market. Ottawa has failed to make any effort to spur the use of the great Atlantic ports. It can build the St. Lawrence Seaway, but wouldn't touch the eighteen-mile Chignecto Canal, which is an integral part of a sheltered water route from the Lakehead into the Bay of Fundy and on down the coast. It listens to the proposal for a trunk highway on a line across Maine from Fredericton to Sherbrooke, Que., but so far has not approached Washington to see what kind of deal might be made to cut a hundred miles off the trucking distance into Montreal.

A "nation" of provincials

In immediate capital projects the present federal administration, or its predecessor, should have rebuilt the railway in Newfoundland as a standard-gauge road. The work benefits would be entirely Maritime, with the exception of new locomotives. Newfoundland would get the construction work on the broadened right-of-way. Its loggers would cut the tie timber. The new rails would come from Sydney. Most important of all, the car works and wheel-and-axle plant at Trenton, N.S., a town that was destitute and cleaned out of unemployment cheques when I last saw it, would go back to work full time.

These things do not happen under the existing system. Time has proved that a vital weakness lies in Confederation, loaded as it is with so-called provincial rights. These rights are bound to work to the advantage of the wealthy members of the national society. As a result we have failed to produce Canadians, excepting in times of war, and have populated this half of North America with provincial men. This is tragic but true, no matter what the holy-rolling patriots say on the hustings or the television network.

Five years ago the four provinces by the sea launched an economic council, the purpose of which was to lift the region by the bootstraps. Provincial governments established crown corporations to aid new industries. To my knowledge these people have worked like Trojans, not without minor success. Their effort makes clear that the Atlantic standard of living cannot be lifted to parity with that of Canada as a whole within the existing political-economic framework. Ergo, there must be a complete and immediate change of heart and approach by Ottawa and the prosperous central provinces, or the Atlantic people have no alternative but to quit Confederation. I see no sign of that change.

Admittedly there would be losses. Federal grants and subsidies would disappear. Ottawa would pull out the defense establishments. (Not many defense orders reach Maritime contractors, however.) But on balance the real loss would be Canada's, and the easterners' economic gains would far outstrip the withdrawing of what central Canadians like to call "handouts." Electing a solid phalanx of members to Ottawa will not turn the trick. It has been tried by both parties. Once the Maritimers reach the capital they cannot make their voices heard above the clamor raised by Ontario and Quebec.

As things stand, full control of their own destiny by the Atlantic people is the only viable answer. On today's terms they should quit Confederation—and that would write a tragic *finis* to Canada as a potentially great country. ★



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At last! Parkinson's Second Law continued from page 17

"Public accounts," said one MP, "are so presented as to conceal and even falsify the facts"

so much to the savings bank, so much in a trust fund for the children. They might just as well save themselves the trouble, for no surplus ever comes into view. The extra salary is silently absorbed, leaving the family barely in credit and often, in fact, with a deficit which has actually increased. Individual expenditure not only rises to meet income but tends to surpass it, and probably always will.

It is less widely recognized that what is true of individuals is also true of governments. Whatever the revenue may be, there will always be the pressing need to spend it. But between governments and individuals there is this vital difference, that the government rarely pauses even to consider what its income is. Were any of us to adopt the methods of public finance in our private affairs, we should ignore the total of our income and consider only what we should like to spend. We might decide on a second car, an extension of the home, a motor launch as well as a yacht, a country place and a long holiday in Bermuda. It would remain only to adjust our income to cover these bare necessities; and if we economize at all, it will be in matters of taxation.

A government which applied the methods of individual finance to public expenditure would begin by attempting to estimate what its actual revenue should be. Given so much to spend, how much should be allocated to what? A government which decided upon this novel approach to the subject would be responsible for a revolution in public finance.

Governmental as opposed to individual income is historically linked with the incidence of war. In all systems of revenue there has always been provision for the temporary expenses of conflict. During a time of emergency, with our interests, our beliefs, our pride or even our existence at stake, we agree to pay almost anything as the price of victory. The war ends and with it the temporary expenses which everyone has seen to be more or less inevitable. In theory the revenue should fall to something like its previous level. In practice it seldom does. While the governmental income remains almost at its wartime level, peacetime expenditure rises to meet it.

In times past the action of this law was slightly restrained, to be sure, by two considerations which no longer apply. In the first place, it was usually felt that taxes had to be reduced somewhat in time of peace in order to allow of their being raised again in time of war. During a century, however, when each successive war is judged to be the last, this theory finds no further support. In the second place, there are types of extravagance which yield only a diminishing return. To the provision of banquets and the enjoyment of dancing girls there is (eventually) a physical limit. The same is not true, unfortunately, of departmental and technical luxuriance. Economic and cultural advisers can multiply beyond the point at which concubines might be thought a bore; beyond the point even at which they might be thought unbearable. Financially as well as aesthetically, the situation has become infinitely worse.

In countries like Britain and the United States the initiative in public finance comes from sub-departments of government which decide each year on their needs for the year that is to come. After

allowing for present costs and future developments the experienced civil servant adds ten percent to the total, assuming (not always correctly) that his bid will be challenged at some stage by the financial branch. Assuming, however, that the expected wrangle takes place, the added ten percent is deleted at departmental level when the combined estimate comes to be drawn up. To this estimate the head of the department adds ten percent again, assuming (not always correctly) that his bid will be challenged by the treasury. After the expected dispute, the revised estimate is laid before the responsible minister, who consolidates all the departmental demands in a grand total and decides how the revenue can be made to equal the expenditure. With the agreement of his colleagues, he presents the nation with the bill. Here is the sum total of what the government needs, and these are the taxes which the people will have to pay.

But what, it will be asked, of the safeguards? Are not the accounts and estimates laid before the peoples' representatives? Is there no treasury department to act as watchdog over the public purse? Are there no regulations framed to check extravagance and waste? All these safeguards undoubtedly exist. That they are futile is manifest from the known results. The reasons for their futility are less obvious, however, and are perhaps worth investigating, both as curious in themselves and as affording the clue to possible improvement. Briefly, the answer is that the accounts are meaningless, the treasury ineffective and the regulations so contrived as to make economy not so much difficult as impossible.

To deal first with the accounts and estimates presented to the British House of Commons and available to the public, it is interesting to learn that a procedure of exchequer receipts, dating from about 1129 and involving a teller, a tally cutter, an auditor, a clerk of the pells, a scriptor talliar and several chamberlains, survived until 1826. Apart from this, however, the basic fact to learn is that the accounts, such as they are, were designed for use during one particular period of history. Introduced during the Second Dutch War (in 1666), their primary object was to prevent money from the navy vote being spent by Charles II on the aptly entitled Duchess of Portsmouth. Even for this strictly limited purpose the method chosen met with no startling success. The system was revised, therefore, so as to assume its present form in 1689, from which year it more or less prevented William III from spending the money on his friends, who were not even girls.

Devised originally to guard the till, the public form of accounting dates from a period before bookkeeping by double entry was generally known except among nonconformists like Defoe. It dates, moreover, from an age when few gentlemen knew even the arabic numerals, the clock face in the stable yard showing only the Roman figures which the classically educated might be expected to understand.

The result is that these public accounts, not of the latest pattern even in 1689, are now beginning to verge on the obsolete. They were revised, it is true, as a result of an inquiry held in 1922-29, but the minority report of the professional

accountant was set aside in favor of the civil servants' recommendations: these were against double entry and left untouched the previous confusion between liabilities and assets, between capital and current.

In 1904 Thomas Gibson Bowles, MP, could therefore describe the national accounts as "unsystematic, unscientific, complicated, and so presented as to conceal and even to falsify the facts." In 1957 John Appleby remarked that those responsible for the public accounts seem to confuse themselves as well as everyone else.

It is fair to conclude, in short, that the British public accounts are not quite in line with current methods of accountancy. As a means of control, as a system of imparting information, they are scarcely worth the paper they are printed on. Accounts which would disgrace and discredit a third-rate dog-racing company are solemnly presented each year to the nation, and often presented by a businessman who ought to and does know better. So, far from being improved in form, these accounts have become more complex and muddled as the sums involved have proliferated and swollen. They are not true and they do not balance. It is the business of the accountant to give the facts of the financial position in the language of business, which is money. In that language he is to tell the truth and the whole truth. But those who present accounts to the nation do nothing of the kind. They present only a picture of archaic and dignified confusion.

And what of the treasury, that guardian of the public weal? The accepted principle is that new expenditure is watched by the treasury, old expenditure by the departments themselves. But what sort of financial control is this? The division of responsibility is meaningless, for the problem of true economy is one and indivisible. Under such a system the extra clerk is demanded while the surplus clerk is retained. No office is ever declared redundant for fear that it should again be wanted and that its revival would mean a new approach to the treasury. Now, would the surrender of an established post in Department A make it any easier to establish a different post in Department B, the two problems being considered in fact by separate authorities and as things totally unrelated to each other? Such a practice can lead only to an irresponsible attitude among those forbidden to regard the problem as a whole. And experience suggests that grown men treated as children can behave in a very childish way.

As for the regulations imposed on the official, all they do is to add rigidity to waste. The whole system of appropriations is convenient only for cash accounting and useless for purposes of control. The departmental appropriation does not represent, to begin with, the cost of the department to which it relates. The army vote excludes stationery, for that is supplied by the stationery office; the stationery office vote excludes buildings (because these belong to the office of works) and so it goes on.

What the faithful lawmakers might more usefully watch is the relative cost of administration and troops. How many extra battalions might be maintained for the sum spent on the finance branch of

JASPER

BY Simpkins



"Jasper! Are you raiding the icebox again?"

the war office? Which are we more likely to need in an emergency—minute sheets or bayonets, ledgers or guns? The present rigidity is merely a waste of effort, money and time, serving no useful purpose of any kind.

So much for the official safeguards. In the light of their failure, all that remains to check extravagance is the press and the public. It might be thought that these would be effective, the press having no great love for bureaucracy and the body of taxpayers having a direct interest in the economical handling of their affairs. Why should press and public prove helpless where their own interests are so vitally concerned?

The answer to that question is that true economy cannot be imposed on an organization from outside; it must begin at the centre. From time to time the press does take up the cry of official extravagance, publishing details of apparent waste which the departments concerned are often in a position to contradict. More often the attacks are simply ignored, the civil servants well knowing that the newspapers will turn to something else in a few days' time.

Suppose, however, that the outcry leads to questions in the House and that proof is forthcoming of some of the allegations made, what is the result? The inevitable sequel is the appointment of an investigating committee, a device intended to postpone the business until after the next election. The official inquiry begins its laborious work, the members of the committee being (let us assume) experienced, intelligent, energetic and ruthless. They achieve little or nothing. Why? Because the whole process is basically wrong.

The sheep close ranks

Let us suppose that naval dockyards are the subject of inquiry and that the investigators descend upon each in turn. The members include retired admirals and practicing engineers who are far from ignorant of the matter in hand. They hear evidence. They ask searching questions: "What are these fellows supposed to be doing?" "What is all this junk?" "How do you dispose of the clinker and wood shavings?" "Why pay so many people to do so little?"

But they soon observe a phenomenon which is best explained in terms of zoology. In the presence of wolves, sheep are said to form a tight bunch with horns outward and the weakest in the centre. Civil servants do the same. Faced by a common danger, they take up that formation, yielding nothing, denying everything, concealing all. This is a well-known fact of biology and one against which the committee members must struggle in vain. Their report, when eventually printed, might just as well be placed in the toilet. Whatever happens to it, the matter is allowed to drop.

The ordinary taxpayer is often in a better position to know about waste in administration than either the politician or the journalist. For one thing, he may himself be employed in the dockyard. It is theoretically his interest as well as his duty to come forward and denounce extravagance when he sees it. He does nothing of the kind, and that for two distinct reasons. In the first place he stands to gain nothing but unpopularity and abuse, being likely to be regarded as at best a crank, at worst a spy. In the second place, he knows perfectly well that the money saved in one direction will certainly be wasted in another. Nothing he can do will reduce the tax he has to pay. So he wisely decides to say nothing and keep

the good opinion of his neighbors. In matters of public expenditure no help is to be expected from the public at large unless the informant is personally rewarded and at the same time assured that all savings made will go to the reduction of the taxes to which he is subject.

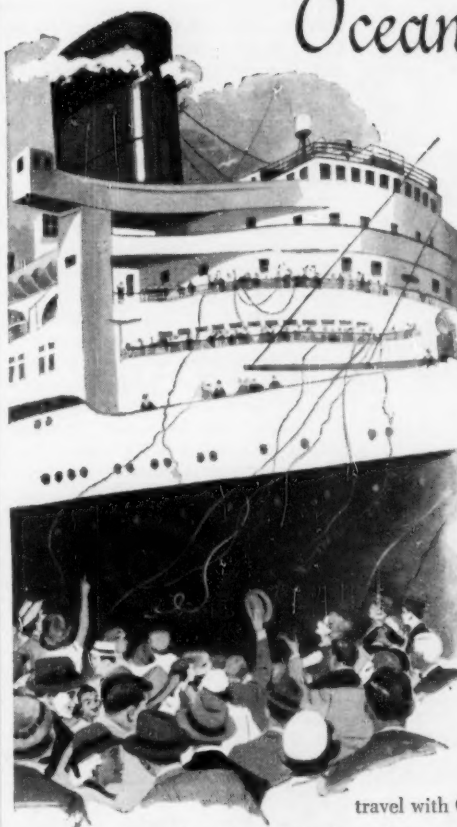
To summarize the position, the public revenue is regarded as limitless and expenditure rises eternally to meet it, and the various devices which are supposed to check expenditure fail to do so, being wrongly conceived and imperfectly motivated. The problem is a serious one and would seem to merit our attention. What is to be done? The modern instinct is to frame new regulations and laws, of which there are already more than enough. The better plan, less fashionable today, is to remotivate the people actually concerned, penalizing the extravagance we now reward and rewarding the economy we now penalize. As a first step toward redirecting the flood, we need to reverse the whole process of government finance. Ministers should not begin by ascertaining what the departments need. They should begin by asking what the country can afford to spend. We do not base our personal budget on what our past extravagances have taught us to like but on the income we can fairly expect to receive. We do not, in short, plan to spend what we have not got. The same principle should apply to public as it does to individual finance.

The first question to decide is the ratio between the revenue and the gross national product. What proportion of the national income should the government demand? What proportion of the individual's income can the government safely take? And what happens when that proportion is exceeded? Economists (with one notable exception) have fought shy of this problem, allowing it to be assumed that, where government expenditure is concerned, the sky is the limit. It is one aim of this article to suggest that there are other and lower limits; a limit beyond which taxation is undesirable, a limit beyond which it is dangerous and a limit (finally) beyond which it is fatal. And these limits are clearly indicated by both economic theory and historical fact.

In the light of these known dangers, it is for the cabinet to decide upon the ratio between government expenditure and gross national product. That decision taken, there is a total fixed for the revenue, a total within which the ministries have to work. It is for the cabinet again to decide upon the distribution of this total between the departments. To individual departmental heads would fall the responsibility of subdividing departmental allocations between the various branches and units. No department under this system would be asked to submit an estimate. It would be told, instead, to keep within a total. All that would concern the legislature would be the gross expenditure and its allocation to departments. Lawmakers need not be asked to vote on the relative amounts to be spent on gasoline and grease, floor polish and boots. They can fairly compare the value for money given by the air force or by education or by health. For purposes of control, they need no more than that by way of forecast, together with real accounts of expenditure in the past—such accounts as they have never yet been allowed to see.

The obvious advantage of the system here described is that a limit is placed on expenditure. An advantage as important, if less obvious, is that the expenditure becomes flexible within each ministry, department, subdepartment and unit. The officials themselves are thus made re-

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sponsible for economy, their success or failure becoming instantly apparent from the accounts of the following year. It is the executive officers, and they alone, who know where economies can safely be made. Once they understand that the development they want in one direction is conditional on their economizing in another direction, the rest can safely be left to them; provided that promotion goes first to the man who shows where the money can be saved. Yet another advantage, still less obvious at first sight, would be the elimination of treasury supervision with all its evils of divided control, inefficiency and waste. In place of distrustful interference, the public official would know only the strong leash of account and audit. He would be compelled to accept responsibility, free to display initiative and forced to recognize that cost and value are but different aspects of the same idea.

Once the decision has been made to approach the financial problem from the right direction, it would remain only to enlist public aid in the prevention of waste. For this purpose the first need is for an independent tribunal to which all proposals for saving money could be submitted; a body of, say, three to include a government representative. This tribunal would hear representations from the public and from the departments affected and would decide finally whether each suggested economy were feasible or not. Each decision in favor of an economy would lead to an executive order to the department concerned, reducing its future allocation by the amount to be saved. It would be the further function of the tribunal to reward each successful applicant by the remission of

his income tax proportionally to the amount of the saving. There should also be provision to ensure that all sums saved should go, not to another department, nor to the treasury, but solely to the reduction of the national debt.

The last function of the tribunal would be to recommend for the highest honors the citizens whose suggestions had resulted in the greatest economies, as also the civil servants who had been most successful in reducing needless expenditure. A minor revolution would date from the day when officials came to realize that reputation is more readily to be won by saving money than by spending it.

It is not to be supposed that the reform of the national finances would be unopposed. In this field of administration the reformer will be faced, inevitably, by a closed phalanx of civil servants representing one of the strongest vested interests in the world. Their opposition, though passive, will be formidable. To all proposals for a proper system of accounts they will reply with a pitying smile that it was tried once at the war office, found wasteful and long ago abandoned. They will then retire behind a smoke screen of technical mysteries, muttering finally that public finance is a more complex matter than is generally realized.

The hieratic and esoteric attitudes observable in the British treasury have led to the creation of a special term to describe the cult: esoterism. In the eighteenth century these same esoterists concealed the mysteries of the exchequer in medieval Latin and in the court hand which the law courts abandoned in 1733, continuing indeed to do so until the exchequer itself (but not

its chancellor) was abolished in the reign of William IV. Nor was the exchequer alone in its archaic confusion, for an investigation of 1570 into the London customs broke down completely because "the officers have used such an obscure way in the keeping of their books." A member of parliament exclaimed in 1919, "I stand amazed that in the best times and governments, things should be in such darkness." The special commissioners of 1829 reported that "The Annual Accounts leave millions unexplained and unaccounted for in detail"—which was found again to be the case in 1844 and is still so today. The darkness has become, if anything, darker still, for to the original confusion of the accounts has been added the babble of consultants and the jargon of the London School of Economics. Once merely a nuisance, esoterism is becoming a religion.

The strongholds of esoterism have been impregnable since the days of Gladstone. Amid the entanglements which surround their position are the graves of their former assailants, Florence Nightingale, Sir John Keane and Lord Randolph Churchill. There, too, is the mutilated tombstone of Sir Charles Harris, the man who nearly betrayed the whole position, on the anniversary of whose death the leading esoterists still exchange a barbed wire. Let no one imagine that this citadel will yield to the first assault. Let no one doubt, however, that it will yield to the last. ★

This is an excerpt from Dr. Parkinson's book, *The Law and the Profits*, to be published next month by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, and distributed in Canada by Thomas Allen Ltd.



How I learned from the magic world of books continued from page 18

"We instinctively flourished swords and cried, 'Have at thee!'"

a distant factory whistle. These all merged into one magic world of sights, sounds, smells and visions of far-off lands. I remember reading *Vanity Fair* one summer sitting out on the front veranda with my feet on the railing and to this day the smell of hot awnings and coconut mats is enough to take me back into a world of channel crossings, red-coated dandies, Napoleon, Becky Sharp and me, unaffected and deceptively gentle, dropping dead knee-deep in gun smoke at Waterloo.

We didn't have Junior Digests or Classic Comics or Outlines of Famous Stories or school courses that taught us how to read faster in "thought units." Teaching us to read without touching all the words would have been like giving us a new kind of candy that we didn't have to suck. We savored every word of the books we read, including the names of the authors, some of which had wonderful, rhythmic names which we pronounced like the names of secret societies — like Archie P. McKishnie. One of the most heartening signs I've seen in my family for some time is the way my youngest daughter often mentions, with obvious satisfaction, an author called Theodore Waldeck, who sounds like the kind of writer we used to read when I was a kid.

We read *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Tom Sawyer* and *Treasure Island* lying on our stomachs, twisting our feet together and gripping handfuls of our hair from behind. We

didn't want to shorten books. We wanted them longer, bigger and thicker. One of the wonderful things about Chums annual was that it weighed about five pounds and you could wander into it as if you were exploring thick spring woods, stopping to pick little mushrooms of information, or settling down beside a warm swamp of prose and never coming out the other side. I've never met a boy who finished reading Chums and I hope I never will.

We read *The Boy's Own Annual*, *James Fenimore Cooper* and *Scouting for Boys* — a book you could crack open anywhere and come up with some useful information, like how to build an igloo, how to tell from a horse's tracks whether it was trotting or galloping or lame in one foot; how to signal with twigs in the unlikely case that someone kidnapped us, leaving messages, "Short distance away." "This is the trail." "Bad drinking water." We learned the importance of knowing our personal measurements, like the distance between thumb and forefinger, so that we could measure a moose track without a ruler (I could still measure a moose track without a ruler). We also learned from the handbook that any boy worth his salt obeyed orders, saved every penny and put it in the bank, carried baskets, gave horses water and turned wringers for old women. We were advised that "In order to get money you must expect to work" and that "Only chicken-hearted fellows expect to get something for nothing." I don't know who the author of the

Boy Scout handbook was, but if he had ever run into a psychiatrist's couch he would have rolled up his sleeves, burst into a lively camping song and split it up for good dry firewood.

We lived with the characters of the books we read — Jean Valjean, the Count of Monte Cristo, D'Artagnan, who, for a month or so, was my favorite person to turn into. I'd see Athos, Porthos and Aramis surrounded by the Cardinal's men, who would be making sneering remarks about there just being three men to wipe out. I'd step up and say quietly, "Four," and be thrusting and parrying and laughing. Then I'd hear a voice saying, "If Mister Robert Allen would consider giving us his attention for a moment," and I'd be back in the classroom amid the stifling smell of chalk, ink and starched middies, trying to remember what Denmark was famous for exporting.

I feel sorry for kids today who go around toting two six-shooters and looking for another gunman and just giving up and shooting me in the back as I pass. It can't compare with dueling. If we found a couple of builder's laths it was instinctive almost to lock eyes, cry "Have at thee, Varlet!" and whack away until our swords were only about six inches long. At school we used to duel with rulers. We'd crack one another's knuckles until they were mauve, smiles riveted on our faces and tears of pain in our eyes, as the girls watched us with cold, unimpassioned, clinical interest. —



as merciless as any women in history.

Apart from the life we really led, there was the one we lived in our books. They always went along together, and sometimes when they joined it didn't work out very well. I remember that when I was reading a book called *The Owner of the Lazy D*, I never spoke without saying something droll and witty, like the hero, and when my mother would say, "Just who do you think you're talking to, Mr. Big Mouth," I'd look her up and down, knock the desert dust from my Stetson and draw something like "I dunno, but I reckon she's my mother, leastwise, I thought she was the last time I looked." I would be just about to roll some Bull Durham when I'd get a crack on the back of the head that would make my hair stand up as if I'd just sighted a Pawnee. My mother was the fastest woman on the draw in our block.

We kept secret caches

We were prejudiced against books we read in school, partly because of their association with ink, inactivity and teachers, and partly because it was impossible to get interested in any book the girls carried home to study. And there was the added agony of having to read aloud in class. The only bright spot about school reading was provided by a deeply dimpled boy named Marcus with a quick breathy voice like escaping compressed air, who used to give all the different characters different voices. The rest of us used to put our chins down onto our chests and hurry through the whole thing, muttering, looking sideways, grinning and dodging spit balls, and when Marcus got up we'd sit there in an agony of vicarious self-consciousness, barely believing our ears, particularly as the guy wasn't even laughing, while the girls beamed, charmed by his talent. Marcus would explain to the bewildered teacher that he thought it made it more interesting to act out the parts like that, and she couldn't do anything about it. Stopping him would have been like stopping somebody from praying.

Although our experience with books at school was enough to put us off literature for life, it was offset by what we did with books at home. We were never taught to respect books or handle them gently or keep them clean. We kept books in our attic, in old trunks, behind piles of lumber, in clothes closets and abandoned washstands, and it made it all the more fun when you found one. No matter where you were supposed to be working in our house you could find a book, lie on the floor and start reading it. We kids sat on books, stood on books, threw books at one another, and kept literature on the same level of fun as getting a ride in a bread wagon. The big thing was that we were conscious of books. They were

all hard-covered books, which made them more like a magic box with a lid, which creaked when it was new, and some of the old books we found around the house seemed to have a physical being to match their content, like *Les Misérables*, which was a dingy yellow-paged volume that looked as if it had been carried around with *The Bishop's Candlesticks*. We used to trace drawings out of them. You never felt as if you completely owned a drawing until you'd traced it and copied it onto a pad, which somehow made it yours for life. And in a way it did. I came across the *Burgess Animal Book for Children* recently and each picture in it was as familiar to me as the face of one of my family because I'd traced every one of them. There was nothing inferior about the talent of tracing. A good copier was a talented man, and you'd take your copy and show it to your mother, who would shake her head in admiration while you stood there with pursed lips, completely solemn, reticent and worthy.

Not that there weren't some boys with bland, smiling faces who had no respect either for books or what was inside them, who handled them like hatchets or rocks, giggling uncomfortably. I remember one grinning, freckled, sandy-colored boy with flaring ears in our class who spent all one day cutting the pages loose in his copy of *Ivanhoe* with a new penknife, until every page was lying loose. He took great pride in the fact that although it looked like a book, it really wasn't a book. He paid for it all next day, when the teacher caught him by surprise and snapped, "Open your books to page sixty-four," just as a gust of wind blew in the window from Bowden Avenue and filled the back half of the classroom with pages from *Ivanhoe*.

But to most of us a book brought messages of a great world of adventure where people weren't content just to go on buying newspapers and waiting for streetcars. Books were live and important, and we suspected that there were even better ones where they came from, and sometimes we stole into the adult section of the public library, where it was very stuffy and quiet and everyone looked a bit mad and unhappy and old men with sagging red eyes and their scarves and gloves piled on the table in front of them looked at us balefully when we sniffed. But you sensed that there was a whole new world of experience there, a bigger, more substantial world.

In the meantime, books were in the mainstream of our lives, and played an important part in forming our dreams and behavior. We read for escape and for pleasure and it colored our days and our future. TV will never produce anything that will equal waking up on a dewy summer Saturday morning with the sun and the scent of lilacs coming through the bedroom window, reaching for a book, disappearing with it half under the bed-sheets and reading of swimming out to a wrecked ship to salvage some rope, biscuits and a keg of nails, or provisioning a barque on a scuddy wet windy wharf, or of dark seas crashing against cliffs or a sunny forest in England, and entering a great world of rapture and communion with reality.

There was nothing between us and the books we read. The story came to us clear through polished senses. Now I can pick up a book and start living in another world. Debts float past me like seraphim, worries and irrelevant thoughts like dark angels. But in those days we forgot the book in another way: it ceased to exist because it became a make-believe world — the world of the books we read when we were kids. ★

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London Letter continued from page 6

"Women are inclined to overrate, or underrate, the dangers"

for once the civilized world should be armed as strongly as any potential enemy or group of enemies.

"Now," said our host at the ICI headquarters, "we shall show you how we train the staff to deal with a threatened or actual atomic attack." We descended to the extensive shelters far beneath the building which have been modernized and improved since the last war.

With admirable modesty he started with an unrehearsed demonstration of telephone inter-communication. Emergency telephones are shut in tiny bomb-proof cells in the walls. Without any warning a company civil-defense volunteer picked up a telephone and said in an appropriately hoarse voice: "Are you receiving? Over!" To which there came the instantaneous reply: "Receiving you clear. Over!"

Just to allow for those who might panic or become confused in an emergency there is a big blackboard in the main corridor which, according to English fashion, is probably known as the idiots' guide. The blackboard on that day, and presumably every day, gave the emergency allocations of personnel.

The mighty amalgamation known as ICI sprawls like a giant across the face of England. A nuclear attack could involve, in the case of this great company, no less than 110 factories and 112,000 workers. As in warfare, there is a divisional setup with fully equipped fire stations. Incidentally, these stations are available to the civil fire services. There is regular drill and instruction for those ICI men who are on permanent defense duty.

And what is true of Imperial Chemical Industries could be duplicated on a smaller scale in most parts of the country. Britain intends to be ready next time.

It must not be thought that these preparations to meet a nuclear attack are confined to a few corporations. Many big companies, such as Shell, Bowater, Marks and Spencer, and Boots, are taking civil defense very seriously. R. A. (Rab) Butler, as home secretary, is responsible for law and order; and quite obviously an atomic bomb attack on London or Manchester or Liverpool would create a degree of havoc far surpassing the ravages of Hitler's Luftwaffe.

One of the formations which has had warm support from Butler is the Women's Voluntary Service, and he recently expounded to an audience of its members the theme of modern national defense when dealing with a nuclear attack. He told his audience that the dangers of nuclear warfare were not as clearly understood as they should be. The two defects, it would seem, are that women are inclined to overrate or underrate the dangers. True to his temperament, Butler wants to reach a workable compromise between these two extremes.

I have before me an illustrated booklet reporting the recent ICI exercise known as Lion.

"No sane person," writes Sir Alexander Fleck, the chairman of ICI, in a foreword, "can wish for war, with the terrible weapons of destruction available today. But the excellent work being done up and down the country by civil-defense forces is making a notable contribution toward preparedness and toward discouraging the idea of starting a war. A well-

trained civil-defense force of adequate numbers would do much to save very many valuable lives, however vast the devastation. It could also help to restore the way of life of our country after an attack."

The book then describes the realistic defense ritual known as Operation Lion. They assumed that an enemy hydrogen bomb had been exploded fifteen miles downwind from the town of Witton, three hours before the exercise began. The exercise area was on the fringe of the fall-out area, and while watching carefully for any changes in the radioactivity conditions, the forces were able to work quite safely in the area for a maximum of four hours.

A wide variety of incidents had been arranged to exercise the forces and demonstrate the work of all sections of the Industrial Civil Defense Service, working in co-operation with the local authority Civil Defense Corps, plus the Mobile Defense Corps of the army and the Auxiliary Fire Service.

The fight against fear

A few days after the exercise, the high command issued a critique which was informative and also blunt. In other words, they take it all seriously.

The Women's Voluntary Service has run a publicity campaign based on one question: "What could you do," it asks of women in a pamphlet just issued, "to help yourself, your family and your neighbors? In areas outside the actual explosion of an atomic bomb, you could survive if you took certain simple precautions."

Then the pamphlet goes on: "The One-in-Five scheme, run by the WVS, aims to give to one in every five women in the country the basic facts about the dangers of fire, blast and radio-active fall-out and how, by making the best

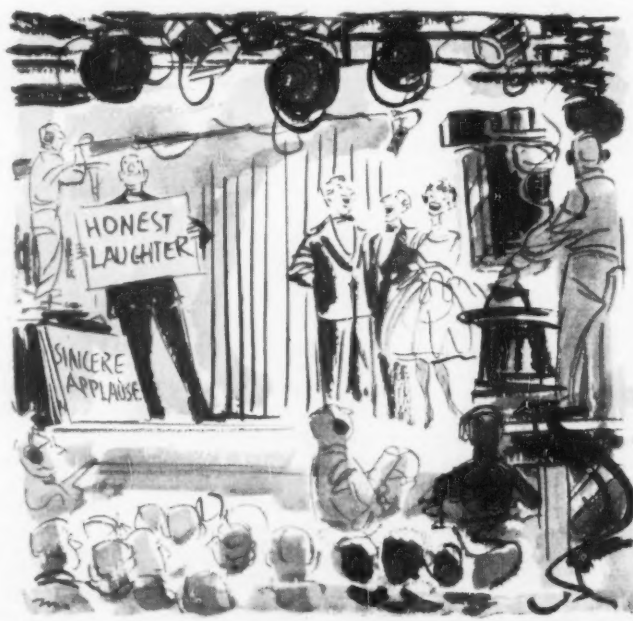
possible use of the protection which our homes provide, these dangers could be minimized.

"The WVS gives this information, which has been carefully prepared so that it is practical without being frightening, in two short and simple talks and these can be followed by a third talk on how to care for a sick person in an emergency, or better still, by a short, practical course on home nursing. Knowledge combats fear, so help the WVS to help you by getting in touch with your local WVS office."

It would be wrong for me to give the impression that all the women—or the men—of Britain are eagerly giving up their spare time so as to be ready to play their part if the world goes mad again. In war, as in peace, there are always the drones who believe that it is the duty of other people to look after them. Yet it is only fair to say that the response, even though it be not fully adequate, has undergone a remarkable development. The people of Britain are ready for the liveliness of peace or the sterility of war, and because of that we may, in fact, be moving into a long era of reasonable relations between the nations.

For a time, it seemed that the atomic bomb threatened not only civilization but existence itself. But because the inventions of man's mind have outstripped man's soul, war on a large scale has become such a scientific insanity, that even another maniac Hitler would hesitate to give the signal to launch hell's fury on the world.

For once, Britain is ready, and only a doomed and damned idiot would think that he could wage a victorious war against her and her allies today. History may yet record that in the latter half of the twentieth century the power of attack was balanced by the power of counter-attack, and peace at last came to earth. ★



MACLEAN'S

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New faces of 1959

In keeping with an old January tradition, we've been busy compiling statistics. One of the things this set reveals is that in 1959 we published articles by fifty-five people whose writing hadn't previously been in Maclean's. We'd never before had so many first-time contributors in a single year. Their variety was as noteworthy as their number. They ranged all the way from the world famous to the almost anonymous.

Some had helped shape history. Earl Attlee, the former British prime minister, and Ludwig Erhard, the architect of West Germany's postwar economic recovery and Adenauer's probable successor as chancellor, both aired strong views in *For the Sake of Argument*. Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke and Sir Arthur Bryant provided three long and intimate installments of war memoirs.

In spite of the work involved in being premier of Saskatchewan, Tommy Douglas wrote an article about the need for more humor in politics.

Other new authors were such other well-known figures as R. M. Fowler, chairman of the last royal commission on Canadian broadcasting; Dr. Donald Creighton, the distinguished biographer of Sir John A. Macdonald; Tyrone Guthrie, the towering Irish giant of the legitimate theatre; and Sir James Bisset, who captained both those great liners, the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*.

There was a tax expert, Eric Hardy; there were medical doctors, university professors, a public relations man, an advertising man, pretty Angela Burke (a girl reporter who said the ground rules for royal visits should be changed) and several young male reporters, two of

whom are now members of Maclean's staff.

There was a New Canadian named Nicholas Zvegintsov who feels that Old Canadians have too high an opinion of themselves; there was a Montreal woman who tracked down her son's murderer; there was a garage man who talked back to his customers in print; there was an Indian girl who saw Gandhi assassinated; there was Hereward Allix, a descendant of Hereward the Wake, maintaining angrily in our columns that a Canadian national anthem is utterly unnecessary; there was the colorful sports star and referee, Red Storey; there was one supermarket manager telling how he runs his store and another telling how he and his family spent a night of terror in the hands of armed bandits; and there was Mary Burnell, a beauty parlor operator describing the trials and tribulations of her profession.

Further, there was a rabbi who claimed parents should stop exploiting God and a Protestant clergyman who claimed religion should be taught in the schools as a subject, not a faith. And there were lots of others.

Our oldest new contributor was born in 1854. He was Sir Joseph Pope, Sir John A. Macdonald's private secretary, and we excerpted material from a hitherto unpublished volume of his memoirs that had recently been compiled. He died in 1926. We were well on into the 1940s before humorist Robert Thomas Allen sired our youngest new contributors, teenagers Jane and Mary Allen, who wrote *How to Endure a Father*.

So that was 1959. We hope to have even more new faces in 1960.

CANADIAN Homes

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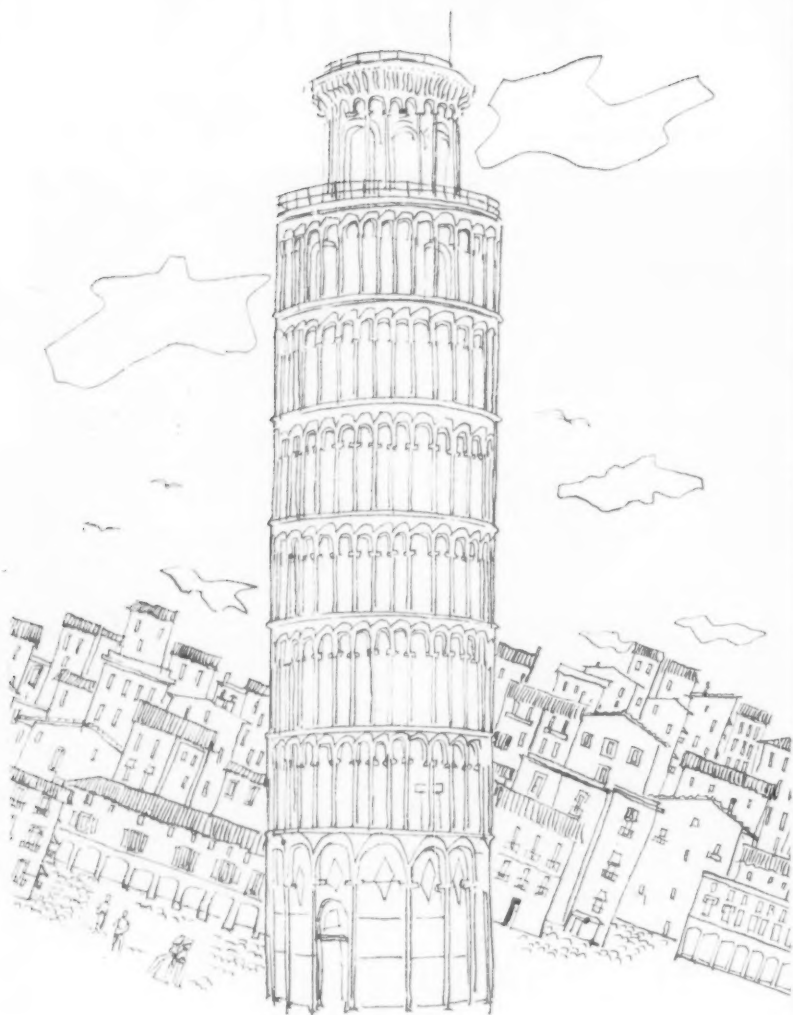


It's here! First issue of a new magazine

Canadian Homes and Gardens becomes a new magazine this month — with a new name, a new look, better paper, more color. Canadian Homes shows you how Canada's most interesting houses work for the families who own them. Every page is packed with useful and imaginative ideas for Canadian living. And don't miss *Inside Our House*, a new department in which writers like Eric Nicol, Lois Wilson, Fred Bodsworth, and Jeanne Minhinick, speak out about home and family. Better gardening section too.

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what leaning tower?

There's a little matter we want to set straight, so to speak. The Leaning Tower. Its condition has been attributed to moving in before the cement was dry, floating foundations, and keeping the coal upstairs. A Pisa Pizza pie peddler we contacted commented thusly: "Balderdash!" He claimed the owner built it that way for a reason. Seems he was a bit on the careful side. Took a dim view of lashing out large quantities of his Golden Velvet to guests. (For this we can't blame him). So, he had a lean built in so that he couldn't possibly fill his guests' glasses. Oh, the cunning of it! Having set the matter straight (observe the picture, please) we will have ourselves a noggin of Golden Velvet. If you have a leaning towards superb Canadian Whisky, you will definitely go overboard for Gilbey's Golden Velvet.



Parade

Even free enterprise has its price

Free enterprise isn't always so free, as a Haligonian found out after he was fired from the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission and decided to offer his former employer a little competition. Fine: a hundred dollars—for keeping a still.

* * *

After watching a motorist try in vain to ascend an icy hill in the Gatineau district of Quebec, a big heavy-shouldered farm lad ambled over and advised, "Mister, open your trunk." Puzzled but desperate the motorist did so, the big young fellow crammed himself into the trunk and shouted, "O.K.—try 'er now!" And away the ballasted car went up the hill.

* * *

Postage on the parcel the Vancouver man shoved across the post-office counter came to thirty-four cents, and when he tendered a dollar bill the clerk asked if the man had four cents because he was short of pennies. The customer didn't have any pennies either but said he had a four-cent stamp. "I'm sorry," apologized the clerk. "But the post office cannot accept stamps."

* * *

In a peewee hockey game at Camp Shilo, Man., a daredevil forward on one team skated rings around the opposition, scoring repeatedly. It seemed as though nothing the other team could do could stop him. Then just as he began another drive down the ice, he was stopped by a blast on the whistle. But even the referee



was dumbfounded—until he discovered a member of the opposing team had produced his own whistle and stopped the game.

* * *

Edmonton's new city hall has won international fame not merely for its modern architecture but also for its fountain, a piece of modernistic sculpture said to depict wild geese in flight. The wags called the swaying fronds of bent pipe a plumber's paradise, a jungle gym and "the Spaghetti Tree," but evidently they have decided to accept the work of art for what the sculptor intended it to be. Recently a large sign appeared in front of the fountain warning, "Do not feed the birds."

We've heard about a news-making rummage sale at a church in a village north of Montreal, where none of the ladies had her hat or her bag or her coat sold in error. It was one of the Sunday



school's collection plates that went missing—purchased by some unidentified customer as a fruit bowl.

* * *

There's a thrice-weekly local train that provides a relaxed sort of milk run between a couple of western Ontario communities we won't name. It never seems to be in much of a hurry, but one of its more frequent passengers was a bit puzzled to find it barely crawling along at a point deep in the woods in the middle of nowhere. The passenger strained to peer out the window, wondering if cows were on the track, when suddenly a man in fireman's garb burst from the trees and raced to catch the mixed train's caboose. He wore a look of triumph and under each arm he carried a gigantic white puffball. He was still breathing heavily but beaming happily a moment later as he made his way up the aisle, back to his cab.

* * *

Commissionaires hand out parking tickets in Saskatoon, and when a good-natured citizen saw one marching down a row of parking meters, and simultaneously noticed the red flag flying beside a nearby car, he popped a penny of his own into the meter to save some poor chap a dollar fine. The commissionaire, lucky chap, climbed into the car and drove off, not knowing how close he'd come to having to give himself a ticket.

* * *

For poor sleepers we've received a helpful hint from a man in Rexdale, Ont. When he wants to be sure of a good night's sleep he takes two tranquilizers. He takes two out of the bottle, that is, downs one and feeds the other one to the family dog.

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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